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Farm, Garden, and Household.

Spring Dangers.

Doctor Hall, in his Journal of Health for April, says: March, April and May are more fruitful of sickness and death than the other months of the year; not so many die as in July, August and September, but there is more disease, arising mainly from sudden changes of the weather, injudicious changes in clothing, and errors in eating. The causes of sickness and death are avoidable; hence, we are the authors of our own sufferings, which are irrationally attributed too often to the "mysterious dispensations of Providence." The difference to the reader between attention to and neglect of some of the following suggestions may be vigorous health or a shroud before midsummer.

In March there is a searching rawness and dampness in the atmosphere which chills the blood in such a way as to lay the foundation for a multitude of colds, fevers and inflammations. In April the atmosphere is not so much saturated with dampness, but the fires are early put out, and the winter clothing is too soon laid aside in whole or in part. In the beautiful May, the mornings and evenings are damp and chilly; the warmth of midday tempts many to lay aside the warmer clothing, and this lighter clothing, together with the absence of fires, makes a difference sometimes of twenty, thirty, or even forty degrees. But in addition to these there is another cause of disease, almost universal, prevailing through all the three months. No one thinks of building as fierce fires in the spring time as in midwinter, because there is not the same necessity for artificial heat; the external air is not nearly so cold, but we kindle as great an internal heat, which is excessive and that is fever, and fever is followed with cold within twenty-four hours as certainly as a pendulum, carried to the right, if let go will swing to the left; one is the reaction of the other, a fixed law of our being. If the system were kept in an equable condition of warmth within and without, we would have neither fevers nor colds, chills nor inflammations.

We eat for two reasons: to sustain and to warm. A large portion of our meats and butter and bread is composed of the warming principle, carbon, the province of which is to produce animal heat; hence, if we eat as much in the spring as in winter, there is inevitably too much internal fire, and that is fever. In the spring, everybody gets weaker because the weather is warmer, and yet we eat with the winter's appetite until Nature begins to take it away; then we begin to think that something is the matter, that we are going to get sick; but, instead of being content to diminish the quantity and quality of our food in proportion to the diminishing appetite, we begin to stimulate that appetite by "tonics" and "bitters," meaning thereby, whiskey in disguise, for it is scarcely possible to find a tonic or a bitter an appetiser of which alcohol is not a large constituent; if they do whet the appetite, they are injurious just in proportion as they do it; it is fighting against Nature; for, while she is endeavoring to moderate our desire for eating, we are trying to increase it; she aims to diminish the amount of fuel to the internal furnace; we try to increase it. In fact, she goes further and absolutely changes the appetite. In February we revel on pork and fat sweets and buckwheat cakes and corn bread which are almost wholly "carbon," we all know them to be "heating;" and as spring comes on, we relish "greens" and spinage, the early vegetables and fruits and berries, which we all know to be "cooling" with their delicious acidities. How we delight in cabbages and turnip tops, and other green things which are eaten with vinegar, and turn away from pastries and puddings and doughnuts, and other forms of fats and sweets!

If, in the spring, we eat with the appetite of winter, or goad ourselves to it with tonics, the inevitable result in all cases, infallibly, is that there is too much internal heat, meaning fever, followed by biliousness with its long catalogue of "ails," ending in dysenteries, diarrhœas and insufferable debilities.

Families make a great mistake, especially in the country, in early dispensing with fires. Where there are children there should be a good, blazing fire on the hearth, at least in one room in the house, all day, until the first of May, and during May until after breakfast to be kindled up at sundown. The instinct of the children will drive them to that room, and when they cease to gather around that fire, mornings and evenings, then, and not till then, ought fires to cease for the summer.

CHANGING CLOTHING.

Health and sometimes life itself is often lost by laying aside winter clothing too early. Laying flannels aside in the spring is a most pernicious practice. They are as necessary in July as in January. We can better do without woolens next the skin in midwinter than in midsummer. We do not get overheated in winter; we do in summer; and the most frequent exciting cause of coughs, colds, and consumption is a rapid falling of the temperature of the body. All are familiar with the fact that a sudden checking of perspiration is always dangerous; very little exercise causes us to perspire in summer, and a very slight draft of air checks the perspiration; hence, eminent French physicians have stated, after a long series of observations, that colds taken in summer excite the most incurable forms of consumption. White woolen flannel is a most efficient guard against these sudden changes, because it keeps the heat of the body in, while it repels the excessive heat from without; it conveys the water of perspiration to its outside, while the surface next the skin is drier. We all know that silk, cotton and linen next the skin get saturated with water and if for an instant the slightest draft of air gets between the skin and the material, there is a charnel-like chill when that material touches the skin.

The rule should be to wear white woolen flannel next the skin all the year round; thick in winter, a little thinner in April, a gauze material on the first day of July; on the first of October resume what was laid aside in July; on the first of December put on the thickest, extending to ankles and wrists.

These rules of change are especially necessary to all old people, to all invalids and young children; day laborers and out-door workers would be incalculably benefited by the same observances.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE. The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear stomach, a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

EXCELLENT WHITEWASH. As the house-cleaning season is approaching, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best. Sixteen pounds of Paris white, half a pound of white transparent glue, prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated—without scorching—until dissolved. The Paris white is stirred in with hot water, to give it the proper milk consistency for applying to walls; the dissolved glue is then applied with a brush like the common lime white-brush. Except on very dark and smoky walls, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.

LARGE PROFITS ON CRANBERRIES. A cranberry field in Burlington county, N. J., containing 100 acres, has employed 300 hands, who picked by the bushel, clean as they go, making good wages; 50 acres picked over 7000 bushels, 4 acres of which produced 1000 bushels; 20 acres more gave 3000 bushels, and the remainder made up the quantity to over 7000 bushels, yet the owners complain of the shortness of the crop. They hope, however, to improve their prospects by gathering from the remaining 50 acres 10,000 bushels more. They expect to sell all to one dealer at $4 per bushel.

Permanent Pastures.

We can have pastures that will improve every year without the plough. There are thousands of farms in the cheese districts of England where the plough is not used at all in the pastures. There is a soft velvety turf, the result of a century of close feeding. There are millions of acres of pasture in the trans-Missouri country fed for ages by the buffalo and the antelope, growing richer every year by the grazing of these animals and the decay of the buffalo grass. In the best grazing districts of New York and western Connecticut, there are large farms kept in permanent pasture, and growing more fertile every year by the feeding of beef cattle. The only fertilizer applied beside the droppings of the cattle is an occasional dressing of plaster, at the rate of a bushel to the acre. Some of these farms will carry a bullock to the acre, and leave a thick mat of grass upon the sod when the bullocks are sold off in the fall. The store cattle are bought in the market in the spring, and put in the pastures as soon as grass starts sufficiently to feed them. The cattle increase in weight, and in the quality of the beef, during the summer, and are sold to the butchers as soon as they are ripe, from August to November. One man can take care of several hundred cattle, and the winter is a season of leisure. Where there is good judgment in buying and selling, the profits of this kind of farming are very handsome, and the farm is all the while improving in fertility. Every thing it produces is returned to it again.

Of course all farmers cannot follow grazing, but the low price of grains and the high price of meats indicate that the raising of meats pays better than the raising of grain. In the new settlements of the west they must still raise grain, for there is little capital there, and the raising of grain is the easiest way of making money. But in the more thickly settled portions of the country, where the farmer has a good home market for beef and mutton, veal and lamb, and labor is high, he should enlarge his pastures and increase his stock. It is surprising to see the change effected in a few years upon an old pasture by heavy grazing. We came into possession of an old rented farm three years since, that carried but four cows, a pair of horses, a small flock of sheep. There was a hundred acres or more, devoted to pasture, badly moss-grown, weedy, and bushy, from want of grazing. About thirty head of cattle and twenty-five sheep with their lambs have been kept in good condition in this old pasture the past season, although twenty acres of it were devoted to rye. The feed has been more than quadrupled in quantity, and greatly improved in quality. White clover has come in abundantly, as have fine grasses, and the weeds and brush are disappearing under the noses of the sheep. If the bushes are large, it is necessary to plough, or to cut them frequently to get rid of them. But almost any neglected pasture, tree of brush, may be restored by grazing. Top-dressing with concentrated fertilizers will hasten the process of amelioration. In some districts plaster will be sufficient, but the action of plaster is so unequal that an experiment only can tell if it is advisable to use it. In all, bone-dust and ashes will be good and paying investments. [American Agriculturist.

Stopping Pinholes in Lead Pipe.

Touching this subject, "A Reader" of the Industrial Monthly writes: "The supply water-pipe which extends from the street along the top of our cellar to the sink in the kitchen, had a very small hole in one side, so that a stream of water spun out not as large as a cambric needle. If I had known that the difficulty could have been remedied by placing the square end of a tenpenny nail on the hole and hitting it two or three light blows with a hammer, the knowledge would have saved me much trouble and expense. But I did not know that a small hole in a lead pipe can be stopped by battering the metal just enough to close the orifice, therefore I went and called a plumber. Of course he was employed by the day. He knew how to stop the issue in less than one minute; but he preferred to make a good job for himself and for his employer. He was too proud to be seen carrying his solder and tools along the street; hence a helper must be detailed to carry these appliances. His employer paid him twenty cents per hour, but charged sixty cents per hour for his services. He paid the helper ten cents per hour and charged forty cents, whether they were loitering along the streets or at work. They looked around, lit their pipes, smoked and chatted, used about four ounces of solder, for which the charge was fifty cents, as they reported they had used one pound. The plumber reported one hour each for himself and helper. Thus the cost of stopping one pinhole cost me $1.50, when any one can handle a hammer could have closed the issue in half a minute if he had thought of how to do it."

Early Cabbages, Tomatoes, Etc.

Many people go without these nice little garden things, because they are a long distance away from the place where the plants are sold; or because they don't want the trouble to make a bed to raise seeds of such plants when they want but a few dozen of each kind. But where this is the case, all one needs may be raised in a box of earth in the kitchen window, or any part of the house where there is light and a very little warmth. This is often done with the tomato, but the cabbage can be raised in the same way, or even better, for the tomato must be always secure from the frosts, while a little of this will not affect the young plant or seed of the cabbage. Of the early cabbage few people want more than twenty-five or fifty, and a ten cent paper and a box about a foot square will produce this quantity with a very little trouble. For early cabbages they may be sown at once in this way.

There is often much trouble in raising late cabbage seed, on account of the ravages of the fly, when the attempt is made in the open ground; but where only a few are needed they might probably be raised in this way and thus be secured against danger from this little pest. No doubt from fifty to a hundred could very well be raised in a small box of this kind, and unless where there is a tolerably large sauerkraut barrel, ought to furnish a respectable supply for any decent family. The late cabbage seed ought not to be sown before the middle of March, and the tomato not much before that either.

TO SWEETEN BUTTER FIRKINS. Before packing butter into firkins, put them out of doors in the vicinity of the well, fill them with water and throw in a few handfuls of salt, let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. If the butter is well made and rightly packed, it will keep for months. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new.

THE RICE CURE. Dr. Hall says that "it ought to be extensively known that ordinary boiled rice, eaten with boiled milk, is one of the best remedies known for any form of loose bowels. Its efficacy is increased if it is browned like coffee, and then boiled and eaten at intervals of four hours, taking no other food or liquid whatever; its curative virtue is intensified if no milk is taken with it, and the patient will keep quiet in a warm bed; then it becomes an almost infallible remedy."

A fond father in Burlington growled like a dog with a sore head because a physician charged him $10 for removing a kernel of corn from his son's ear, where it had lodged. He said a coffin only cost $7, and the corn would have sprouted soon, and might have been pulled up by the roots.

"Wouldn't your wife be hoppin' mad if she knew who wrote this?" began a sweet missive found in the discarded coat of her husband by an inquisitive wife in———. The hair of that unhappy husband, when swept up from the parlor carpet, went a long ways toward stuffing half a dozen dolls. He never leaves any thing in his pocket now.

Life.

Life's not our own—'tis but a loan,
To be repaid;
Soon the dark Comer's at the door;
The debt is due—the dream is o'er—
Life's but a shade.

Thus all decline, and bloom or shine—
Both star and flower;
'Tis but a little odor shed—
A light gone out—a spirit fled—
A funeral hour!

Then let us show a tranquil brow,
Whate'er befalls;
That we upon life's latest brink
May look on Death's dark face and think
An angel calls.

From all the Year Round.

Galloping Dick.

It is about two hundred years since the skeleton of Galloping Dick rattled in its rusy chains on Maltby Heath. He had kept the country side in mortal fear for ten or a dozen years, before the law laid him by the heels, and justice hanged him by the neck. And ten or a dozen years of successful robbery, cruelty and murder were enough to sink his soul forever to a perdition beyond the ordinary experience of sinful souls. So at least they believed about Maltby; and the unlaid spirit of Galloping Dick became by time and tradition an evil power haunting the heath, and boding sorrow, or worse, to whomsoever it might encounter.

Scarcely a winter passed without some awful report of Galloping Dick's perturbed spirit having been seen or heard thundering across the heath—reports which struck terror to the hearts of the boldest, and silenced the few skeptics who were disposed to make light of the danger. Make light of the danger when the most terrible fate overtook the doomed wretches who had met this awful spirit? A danger as sure as death is nothing to make light of, said the more reverent souls; and the history of the people bore them out.

Did not George Graham's father see the ghost, and did not his eldest son take to bad courses that very next spring, enlist for a soldier, desert, run home, and be taken from his mother's fireside in handcuffs to barracks, and there shot? This was in the times when George the Third was king, and men were shot without more ado if they turned their backs on their colors. Did not Ennis Blake see Galloping Dick some thirty years ago now, and did not his daughter Bella disappear from Maltby with the fine London gentleman who came, as it might be, from the clouds—and never a word heard of her again till the carrier brought the news that she had been hanged at Newgate for child murder? And Farmer Crosse, did not he lose wife and stock one season when all his neighbors foddered the best beasts that ever fattened, and gathered rich harvests till their barns overflowed like bursting bags? They had not seen Galloping Dick, but Farmer Croose had; and who could doubt the inference?

These were the most striking instances that floated about the talk of the country side, and kept the belief in the spectre alive. But there were numberless other cases where mischief could be traced to the hour when Galloping Dick was heard to rush past the house at dead of night, or when he had been seen dimly through the mists of evening, or flying like a shadow in the distant moonlight. When or in what manner soever he made his troubled existence manifest, there was sure to be sorrow and loss; and the name of Galloping Dick was still able to scare all the parishioners of Maltby, and to work like a crooked charm wherever it was pronounced.

Down in the hollow, at the end of Three Ash-lane, lived the Miss Sinclairs They were two old ladies, spinsters and sisters, owning a pretty large bit of land, of a less poor and hungry kind than most of the land thereaway. They managed it of course very badly, and got but two pounds where others would have made four. They were miserly old ladies, and starved both themselves and their farm. They believed in teapots and stockings, and old chinks in the wall and chimney jambs, and such like hiding places for their money, instead of favoring investments where you never know what becomes of it, or who has it; or instead ot putting it into the land for the rain to spoil, or the frost to nip and the tenant to filch by hook or by crook. They were generally reported to be millionaires at least, and supposed to have lined their little wooden house with unseen gold. The whole neighborhood knew, as a fact, that they slept on a bed stuffed more thickly with sovereigns than with goose feathers. And when any stranger doubted the tale, and spoke of the discomfort of such an arrangement, the Maltby folk answered significantly that may be most men would take the discomfort for the sake of the stuffing.

They kept only one servant, and they never kept her long. For, being like birds in the way of appetite, they could not be made to see the difference between a young, healthy, hardworking wench of eighteen or so, and themselves, wizened, withered old maids of sixty odd, whose vital juices were so dried up that they wanted next to no nourishment, and whose activities in the house consisted only in incessant maundering and pottering; which gave them just a little gentle exercise, and prevented their old joints from becoming completely rusty. Still, though they did little that was of any use, they were always on their feet; always on the alert; with their sharp eyes looking into everything, and their sharper speech that never spared a fault nor glossed over a mistake. They were bad to live with, undoubtedly; and by degrees they so entirely lost the confidence of the neighborhood, that not a mother among them all would let her daughter take service at the Sinclairs', and the very parish at last refused them an apprentice when they wanted one. This, then, was how it came about that Madge Bernard, a kind of faraway cousin in humble circumstances, came on a visit to her relatives at Three Ash-lane, with the understanding that she was to make herself generally useful in return for bed and board, "and a trifle or so of clothes and pocket money," which they offered her widowed mother by letter, with a few fair words put in by way of garnish and embroidery.

The first week that Madge came she cried without ceasing; the second she sulked; the third she was pert; but on the fourth she took a turn, as Miss Priscilla, the younger of the two old ladies, said with a sigh of satisfaction, and seemed as if she meant to settle and take things as she found them. She wrote a great many letters this week; and among them three to a Mr. John Collette—three long crossed letters, as the Miss Sinclairs knew; but they knew no more. If they were sharp-eyed, Madge was sharp-witted; and if they knew how to pry, she knew still better how to hide. Still, three letters in one week to any Mr. John Collette in the world, seemed a wicked waste of time, as well as an abominable act of forwardness, to the spinsters; who made it their boast that never a man had dared to offer them love when they were young, and that they had not been like the hussies of the present day—with more hair on the outside of their heads than they had sense in, and as keen after husbands as so many wasps after honey.

It had been autumn when Madge Bernard had brought her florid beauty and her deal boxes, with very little in them, to the mean wooden house where the two ladies lived; thinking she was going for a pleasant visit to a couple of old dears who would make her welcome, and give her lots of pretty things, and finding instead that she was simply an unengaged servant without perquisites or wages. It was winter now; but Madge still stayed on. Had she really reconciled herself to her sordid life and loveless home, or was she only waiting? Waiting?—for what? Who knew? Certainly not the spinster sisters, with all their astuteness. If any one, only Madge herself, and, perhaps, Mr. John Collette.

The winter set in wild and hard. It was the stormiest within the memory of man; and life at Three Ash-lane was gloomy and oppressive almost beyond endurance. Madge Bernard thought that the long chill hours would never pass. Within the house cold grates and an empty cupboard, uncarpeted floors, uncurtained windows, a bed of musty "oat flight," not half filled, and no society but that of two stingy, lean, and crabbed old maids, made a not too joyous home life for lusty, pleasure-loving youth. Without, wild winds and cloudy skies, sharp storms of stinging hail, of drenching rain, of blinding snow, kept the girl from her lonely rambles about the heath, which up to now had been her only amusement. It was a dreary time; and the only joy left her was when the Maltby carrier stopped at the end of the lane, and doing duty for the foot post, came tramping through the snow up to the door of the little house, bringing her an envelope with the London mark on it, and four or five pages inside, written close, in a neat, commercial hand. What was in these letters no one had the chance of knowing. For Madge, unlike girls in general with their love letters,—and of course they were love-letters, said the sisters,—invariably burnt them as soon as read, and even stamped out the blackened ashes on the hearth. It was evident, however, that they made her anxious, as well as gave her pleasure.

Miss Priscilla, who was a trifle the more suspicious, and the keener-eyed of the two sisters, noticed that. She added to it another glimpse into the depths she could not fathom, that Madge had got into the habit of prowling about the house a great deal more than was necessary. She had even caught her terreting in the damp hole they called the kitchen, at dead of night, when she ought to have been fast asleep in her bed; and she was always putting her finger into holes and crevices, and poking her nose into covered jars of mouldy fat and the like, said Miss Priscilla fretfully to Miss Agatha, below her breath. And the two shook their forefingers viciously, and said if she was on that scent she should go, ay, this very week! But she did not go. She only peeped, and peered, and fingered more than ever, and wrote longer letters to Mr. John Collette in London.

The evening had drawn in bleak and wild. The wind roared in the trees, and whistled round the house, as if a legion of demons were calling to each other. You might fancy you heard all sorts of sounds in the blustering blasts. There were sighs and groans, and shrieks and plaintive cries. Now it seemed as if a host of winged things were flying past, now as if an army were thundering over the heath. Nature was in one of her great hours of pain and wrath; and humanity suffered with her.

"What a night!" shivered Miss Priscilla, as she drew her scanty garments tighter round her, and uneasily moved the solitary candle, which lighted the bare deal table on which it stood, and lighted little else.

"You keep such bad fires," said Madge Bernard, quietly. She had been very quiet and amiable for the last day or two. "Such a handful of damp peat as that! Why, you must expect to shiver!"

"Shiver, indeed! If I and my sister, who are so much older and more delicate, can keep warm, a young thing like you ought not to complain," snapped Miss Agatha.

"I did not complain; I only observed," said Madge, tossing her bright brown head. "What a night!" she echoed, as the wind burst out into a furious blast that rocked the wooden house like a cradle; "just the night for Galloping Dick!"

"Hush, Madge!" said Miss Priscilla, sternly. "I do not like such talk."

"Not like such talk, Miss Priscilla? In the name of fortune, why? You don't mean to say that you believe in Galloping Dick," returned the girl.

"It makes no matter to you what I believe," said Miss Priscilla.

"No, no matter at all," said Miss Agatha, as chorus.

Madge looked saucy but she spoke demurely, "I think it does," she answered. "You are so much older than I am, and know so much better, that what you believe ought, of course, to have some weight with me. And it has, I assure you. So tell me about Galloping Dick. Is he ever seen now?"

"Do be quiet, girl!" repeated Miss Priscilla, but less angrily than before. "It is a bad sign to talk of him. And such a night as it is, too!"

"But I want to know all about him," insisted Madge. "Bad sign! What nonsense! What harm can there come of talking of him? Tell me about him, Miss Priscilla. Ah, now do! You talk so well. I know that he was a highwayman who was hanged at Gallows End about two hundred years ago; I don't want to hear more about that, only about him now. When was he seen last?"

"About five years ago," said Miss Priscilla, in a half-whisper.

Terrible as the subject was, and much as she dreaded to talk of it, she had the true feminine love of the horrible, and enjoyed frightning herself as much as most women. Besides, Madge's insistance bore her down, and her little bit of flattery warmed her.

"And then what happened?" asked the girl.

"The rectory caught fire, and Miss Alice was burnt to death," said Priscilla.

"How dreadful," said Madge in a low voice. "Something bad, then, always happens when he is heard?

Always," said Priscilla solemnly.

"Have you ever heard him, Miss Priscilla?"

"I, girl?"—she shuddered visibly. "Heaven forbid! If I were to hear Galloping Dick I should not expect to live till morning! My mother did before my father died but we never speak of that."

"It would be very frightful certainly," said Madge. "I wonder what would happen if we heard him?"

"Death," said Priscilla."

"I wish you would be quiet, you two," broke in Miss Agatha. "You have made my flesh creep. I shan't sleep to-night with all your horrors; and such a night, too, as you said, Priscilla."

"Hark! what is that?" cried Madge, suddenly, clutching at the table with a scared face.

And, surely enough, as she spoke they heard distinctly the sound ot horse's hoofs thundering madly along the road, while a loud cry rose above the wild tumult of the night, more like the cry of a wild beast in fear, or the cry of a soul in pain, than the voice of a living man.

"God save us!" cried Miss Priscilla, rising and flinging up her hands. "What shall we do? oh, what shall we do? It is Golloping Dick, sister! our time has come!"

Sister Agatha, who was of sotter stuff than Priscilla, fell forward on the table half insensible. Madge flushed to the roots of her hair, rose too, her lips apart, her heart beating fast.

"Miss Priscilla," she stammered out, as if terror had broken her voice; "what was that? Was it really Golloping Dick?"

"Hush! not another word," said Priscilla. "We have said too much already."

"Hark! there it is again," cried Madge. And again the horse's hoofs dashed furiously past the house, close to the very door, and again the cry seemed to penetrate into each corner, and to pierce the brain of each listener. Then the sound suddenly ceased, and the wind seemed to blow more furiously than before.

In a few moments a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a man's voice, saying, "Help! help! for mercy's sake, let me in!" recalled the women from the terrors of the unseen to the actualities, perhaps the dangers, of the visible world.

"No, no!" shrieked Miss Priscilla, we can't take you in, whoever you may be."

"Oh, Miss Priscilla, what a cruelty! In such awful weather, and with that dreadful thing that has just passed! You must let him in—a poor lost stranger—what harm can he do?" cried Madge.

"I will not," she said passionately. "Let him in! Why, who knows? he may have come to murder us all. He may be Galloping Dick himself!"

The knocking was repeated.

"Help!" said the voice in a tone of anguish, "if you are Christians, save me!"

"No; go away," gasped Priscilla.

"Shame! you are no woman," cried Madge, as if deeply moved. "If you will not, then I will," she added; and before Miss Priscilla could stay or hinder her, she had darted to the door, and the next instant had flung in wide to the black night, and to the stranger standing there.

As she opened it a man staggered in, and sank down on the nearest chair. He was pale and haggard; so pale indeed, that his face looked as if it were made of chalk. His dark long hair hung dank and dripping on to his shoulders; his heavy moustache and beard, that almost concealed his features, were also streaming with wet; and his whole appearance was that of a man fairly overcome with terror. And yet his sinister face with its small, greenish colored eyes and hooked nose, was more watchful than seemed quite to accord with his harassed bearing; and a keen observer might have seen just one glance pass between him and Madge that did not look quite like the glance of strangers.

"Water!" he gasped. "I am dying."

"What is it?" asked Madge, who had suddenly taken the command of everything; "who has hurt you?"

"No living man," replied the stranger, in a broken voice! "Something too dreadful to see and live." He shuddered as he spoke—shuddered so strongly that Madge was fain to hold the mug to his lips herself, his nervous hands just resting on her strong white arms.

"Did you see It?" half sobbed Miss Priscilla, who was now standing by her sister.

"I saw It," repeated the stranger, and let his head fall against the shoulder of the girl.

"He is half dead with cold and terror," said Madge. "We must keep him till he recovers."

She pushed him quietly back in his chair; and it Miss Priscilla had not been too much dazed with all that was passing round her, she would have seen her hurriedly brush off a broad white mark from her stuff dress where his forehead had rested.

Without another word Madge drew Agatha's own sacred arm-chair closer to the fire, heaped up the peat and coal with a lavish hand, and without leave or license asked, went to the cupboard where she knew the private stores were kept, and with one wrench forced the crazy old lock, and brought out a bottle of brandy.

"Madge!" shrieked Miss Priscilla.

"Be quiet," said Madge, turning suddenly upon her with a dark look. "Am I going to let a man die before my eyes for the sake of of your meanness?"

"You are good," said the stranger, feebly. "May you be rewarded!"

There was something in all this that utterly dominated the sisters; for by this time Miss Agatha had come to her full senses again, and was looking on, trembling in every limb. The strange manner in which Madge had assumed the upper hand, and the sudden display of strength, almost of threatening, that she made, would of itself have scared them; but when to this was added the terror of the passing spectre, and the infinite dread which the stranger inspired, the poor old ladies collapsed, and sat still, afraid to remonstrate, yet unwilling to acquiesce.

So the time passed till it grew into the night and still no one stirred. For the last hour no one had spoken. The stranger sat half dozing by the fire; Madge busied herself making up a kind of shake-down on the floor, taking no heed of the terrified anguish of the two sisters as she dived into recesses, and dragged about, as if they were of no account the things which they knew held their richest and most sacred deposits. Then, when all was done, she roused the man, and bade him see what she had prepared for him, and, taking the candle, peremptorily bade the old ladies go to bed.

"Go to bed and leave a stranger in the house by himself? No," said Miss Priscilla, despair giving her the momentary semblance of courage.

"You had better," said Madge, fixing her eyes on the spinster; and her look was not pleasant.

"Are you the mistress, or am I?" retorted Priscilla.

"You were; I am," replied Madge. "Now will you go?"

The dozing man opened his eyes a little more. If his big black beard had not covered his mouth, you might have seen a smile, as he whispered very softly to himself, "Bravo, young bull-dog!"

"Are you mad, girl?" cried Miss Priscilla, her shrill voice rising to a scream.

"Not now. I was when I came," she answered. "That is not the question, however. Will you go to bed or not?"

"I will not!" said the old lady. "You have no good reason for wishing us to leave this room. Who are you and why have you brought this man here?"

"Well, if you won't act like a wise woman you must suffer like a fool—like a couple of fools," said Madge, quietly. "I wanted to spare you; but you are anxious to be made uncomfortable. Don't blame me, that is all!"

The stranger turned his head; his eyes were wide open now. "Ready, Madge?" he said, lazily.

"Yes, quite ready," she answered. "You won't have much trouble."

In the morning, which broke calm and clear, a farmer, going to his work, passed the house at Three Ash-lane. The door stood wide open, and there were strange marks about the threshold; dints of a horse's hoofs, bits of broken pottery, ends and tags of parti-colored rags. The place looked as if something were amiss; so he knocked at the door, and then getting no answer, walked in.

Bound in two chairs, and gagged were the two sisters Sinclair. On the hearth burned still some dying embers; and an empty brandy bottle was on the table. The floor was strewn, like the threshold, with fragments of pottery and rags of linen; and there was not a drawer, a cupboard, a crevice throughout the house that had not been ransacked. Here and there, among the rubbish on the floor, glittered a golden coin; here and there a silver one. The gain had evidently been heavy, when the robbers could afford to leave such spoil.

The farmer, who had his own griefs, too, against the ladies, unfastened their bands, and raised them tenderly enough from their chairs. One sister, Agatha, fell a corpse into his arms; the other Miss Priscilla, was paralysed and an idiot. All that she could say, when she was unbound, was "Galloping Dick," pointing to the door. But she answered no questions, gave no other clue. Where, then, was Madge Barnard? the bonny brown-haired girl who had been pitied many a time by the neighbors when they had met her, so far better than her fate as she seemed! The country was soon astir, and the village folk searched far and wide for the missing girl. It was evident that a cruel robbery had been committed; and the honest souls feared even worse things for the only strong and possible dangerous guardian of the house. She must have made a brave resistance; and been punished, perhaps, by death. So they searched for her days, all through the woods, and all over the heath, and turned up one or two spots where they thought the ground looked as it it had been disturbed, and where she might have been buried. They found no trace of her however, search as they might. She had passed into space and darkness and was never heard of again.

The only persons who could have told of her, were a young man and woman sitting in a small coffee shop in Liverpool, waiting for the moment of embarkation. He was a thickset, fair-haired man, with a smooth face, small greenish-colored eyes, and a hooked nose. She was a buxom, handsome girl, with purple-black hair, and a skin as dark as a gypsy's—or walnut juice. They did not speak to each other, but they both read from the same newspaper the account of a terrible tragedy that had taken place on Maltby Heath, with the evidence of the farmer and others of Galloping Dick having been seen and heard that dreadful night. And some added that if the dead could speak, it would be found that the specter had had more of a hand in the business than folks allowed. Evidence which the coroner pooh-poohed, and even dropped some hints of Madge not being dead at all, and the thing all planned. But the young man and woman embarked on board their vessel before those hints were taken up and acted on. And thus the clue of the story was lost and never found again.

They reached Australia in safety; but after such a perilous passage that one old sailor, who came from Devonshire, used to go about the deck muttering, "as sure as old Nick there's a murderer aboard!" Still bad times pass atter a spell, and the bad time of the voyage passed. The ship sailed into the harbor, substantially none the worse for the unsuspecting Jonahs she carried, and the young man and woman invested a good bit of money in a sheep run, and began fairly enough. They never prospered, however. Things went wrong, first one way and then another; and when the young woman died—and she died, the worn out drudge of a drunken husband, with a strange black mark on her chest that was never clearly explained away—her last words were, like poor Miss Priscilla Sinclair's, "Galloping Dick." But she added what Miss Priscilla had not said, "I have deserved it!"

Half a Million Dollars Stolen by a Cashier.

NEW YORK, April 26. The Atlantic National Bank suspended this afternoon, in consequence of the defalcation of the cashier, T. L. Taintor, who has lost $400,000 of the money of the concern in stock speculations, principally in Pacific Mail. The bank will pay fifty cents on the dollar to depositors.

A regular meeting of the directors of the bank was called for 1 o'clock this afternoon. About that hour T. L. Taintor, the cashier, visited the Clearing House and approaching Mr. Tappan, president of the committee, handed him the keys of the sate and vaults of the bank saying that he wished to deliver them up. Mr. Tappan, very much astonished, asked him why he did not deliver them to the officers. Mr. Taintor replied "No, I want the Clearing House committee to go at once to the bank and examine its affairs."

He was so perfectly cool and collected that Mr. Tappan did not know what to make of him. He inquired what the matter was. "Defalcation," was the laconic reply. "Whose?" asked Mr. Tappan, still more astounded. "Mine," was the placid answer. He added, "I will go up with the committee and assist them to the best of my ability. I have no intention of running away." Mr. Tappan immediately summoned the committee and sent them to the bank at 17 Nassau street. Meantime the directors were holding their meeting and the entrance of the committee astonished them more than the cashier's visit did. Mr. Tappan stated the object of their coming, and the directors listened in blank surprise. Mr. Taintor having hung up his overcoat and hat, announced that he was ready to make explanations, and he was asked the amount of the defalcation. He replied it was $400,000, of which $75,000 was in gold, $162,000 securities left in the bank for safe keeping and the remainder securities deposited as collateral. "How long has this been going on?" was then asked. "Five years," was the reply. "Have you anything left?" asked one of the directors. "No" answered Mr. Taintor. "What has become of it?" "Speculation." Mr. Southworth, the president, was so affected at this disclosure that he burst into tears.

The directors and the committee retired to the private office to await the arrival of Mr. Tappan, and the cashier, going behind the desk, went on transacting business just as if nothing had happened. When the committee learned this they characterized it as a gross outrage. After Mr. Tappan's arrival the committee, assisted by Mr. Meigs, the National Bank Examiner, began a thorough investigation, which lasted until a late hour this evening. They were greatly aided in their investigation, by the defaulting cashier, whose coolness under the circumstances, was perfectly enchanting. He moved about here and there, looking up evidences of his crime, and pointing them out with the utmost nonchalance.

The result of their joint labors showed a deficit $604,000, as follows: Realizable assets, $549,000; liabilities, independent of capital, $315,000; securities left in bank for safekeeping, of which the cashier acknowledges stealing $162,000 worth, leaving an actual deficit approximatively estimated at $228,000. The capital was $300,000 and the surplus $76,000, making the actual deficit $604,000, of which the cashier acknowledges having embezzled $400,000.

This statement was telegraphed to Mr. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington, and he telegraphed back appointing Mr. Meigs receiver. The bank is to be stricken from the clearing house list on Monday. It is hopelessly bankrupt. The stockholders lose all their investments and surplus. The depositors may receive fifty per cent., while those who placed their securities in the bank for safe-keeping have no redress. The clearing house committee are especially severe on the bank officers. They say that nothing short of the grossest carelessness would permit such an immense defalcation to be successfully carried out over such a long period.

On complaint of the directors Taintor was locked up in Ludlow street jail. His father is a resident of Windsor, Conn He is reputed to be worth a million and a half, and is one of the largest stockholders in the Gallatin National Bank of this city. It was to this fact that young Taintor owed his being placed in the position of cashier of the Atlantic six years ago, without having previously passed through the intermediate grades. The prisoner is a small man, about thirty years of age, married and owning a fine residence at New Rochelle, although his family have been living in this city during the past three months. He has always been steady in his habits and had the fullest confidence of his superiors. Your correspondent had an interview with him to-night in the course of which he offered the following explanation:

"When I took charge I found the bank in a very weak and impoverished condition. I formed the idea of strengthening it and I did succeed in getting rid of a vast deal of comparatively worthless securities at good prices. I then tried Pacific Mail and luck went against me. I did not intend to make a cent for myself. Had I succeeded the bank would have had the entire benefit."

New Orleans had, recently, a baby show, with nearly two hundred contestants.

Josh Billings On Birds.

THE BLUE JAY.

The blujay iz the dandy among birds, a feathered fop, a jackanapes by natur, and ov no use only tew steal korn and eat it on a rail.

They are a mysterious bird, for I hav seen them solitary and alone in the wooded wilderness, one hundred miles from enny sign ov civilizashun.

Az a means ov diet, they are just about az luxurious az a biled indigo bag would be, such az the wash-wimmin use tew blue their clothes with.

The blujay haz no song—they kant sing even "From Greenland's Icy Mountains;" but i must sa that a flok ov them, flying amung the evergreens on a kold Winter's morning are hi colored and easy tew look at.

It iz hard work for me to say a hard word against the birds, but when i write their history it iz a duty i owe tew posterity not to lie.

THE QUAIL.

The quail iz a game bird, about one size bigger than the robbin, and so sudden that they hum when they fly.

They hav no song, but whistell for music; the tune iz solitary and sad.

They are shot on the wing, and a man may be good in arithmetic, fust rate at parseing, and even be able tew preach acceptably, but if he hain't studdied quail on the wing, he might az well shoot at a streak ov lightning in the sky az at a quail on the go.

Briled quail, properly supported with jellys, toast, and a champane Charlie, iz just the most diffikult thing, in mi humble opinyun, to beat in the whole history ov vittles and sumthing to drink.

I am no gourmand, for i kan eat bred and milk five days out ov seven, and smak mi lips after i git thru, but if i am asked to eat briled quail by a friend, with judishious accompanyments, i blush at fust, then bow mi hed, and then sm

Fearful Crime in Aroostook.

A special despatch to the Whig & Courier from Houlton gives the details of a horrible double murder committed in Chapman Plantation, Aroostook County, on Tuesday night, showing it to be one of the most cold-blooded crimes ever committed in the State. Retribution was swift, however, in this case, and the murderer met his doom in less than twelve hours after committing the crime, by the intervention of lynch law.

The particulars, as related by our correspondent, are as follows:

It seems that on Saturday night last, the store of David Dudley at Presque Isle, was broken into, and a pair of boots and some other small articles stolen. Circumstances transpiring which unmistakable pointed to one James Cullen, a native of New Brunswick, but a resident of Mapleton for some two years past, as the burglar, a warrant was sworn out and placed in the hands of Granville A. Hayden of Presque Isle, Deputy Sheriff, to be served. Knowing Cullen to be a hard character, Mr. Hayden took with him two men, Messrs. W. H. Bird and Thomas Hubbard, and on Tuesday morning started out to find their man. They traced him to a shingle camp occupied by a man named Swanbeck, in Chapman Plantation, which they reached late in the evening. Cullen saw that open resistance against so many would be useless, and surrendered himself without trouble, promising to go with them peaceably, as he thought that on returning matters might be satisfactorily arranged with Mr. Dudley, whose store he acknowledged breaking into. The hour was late and it being some four miles to Presque Isle, over a hard woods road, the sheriff and his party concluded to remain in the camp until morning, and accordingly arranged themselves for the night as comfortably as they could, and went to sleep, little thinking what a terrible fate awaited three of the party.

Some time after midnight, Swanbeck and Bird were awakened by a noise in the camp, and on arousing themselves were horrified to see Cullen chopping the heads of Sheriff Hayden and Mr. Hubbard, with an axe he had found in the camp. Being nearer the door than the murderer, Swanbeck and Bird jumped up and ran for their lives, pursued for some distance by Cullen, who, seeming to be crazed by his internal crime, brandished the axe reeking with gore and yelled like a madman.

Neither of the escaping men was armed and they made their way through the woods to the settlements as best they could in the darkness, to give the alarm. The word spread like wildfire, and the community was soon aroused by the terrible news. A party led by Mr. B. J. Hughes started from Ball's mill for the camp, which they found to be a pile of smoking ashes under which lay the charred and shrivelled bodies of the Deputy Sheriff and his companion, Cullen having applied the torch after committing the awful deed, in order to conceal the evidence of his crime.

The most intense excitement was created by the news, and several parties of men armed themselves and stated in pursuit of the murderer. One party went directly to Cullen's house in Mapleton, Wednesday morning, but Mrs. Cullen declared her husband was not in. Search was made, however, and he was found secreted in the cellar. He was dragged from his place of concealment, securely bound, and his captors started to bring him into Presque Isle. On their way they were met by a party from that village, who took possession of the prisoner, led him under a tall tree, gave him a few minutes for prayer, put a noose over his neck with a rope they had brought with them, threw the other end of the rope over a limb, and all taking hold strung him up and left him hanging until he was dead.

We do not know who the members of the party were who thus took the law in their hands, as our correspondent was unable to obtain them. They have assumed a fearful responsibility, however, though we are informed that their action is sustained by the approval of a large portion of the community in which the murdered men resided. We learn that steps are being taken to thoroughly investigate the matter.

Mr. Hayden was a young man, much respected and widely known. He had been in business at Presque Isle for some years past, and has had extensive transactions with several firms in this city, all of whom bear testimony to his good qualities. He leaves a wife and one young child.

Mr. Hubbard was a young man and unmarried. He too bore an excellent reputation and leaves many friends to mourn his untimely death.

Cullen, the murderer, had a wife and one child, who, as we before stated, reside in Mapleton.

The Presque Isle Sunrise gives the following additional particulars—

Cullen was found about ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the cellar of Samuel Williamson's house in Castle Hill, at which place is his wife and child. He was brought to Ball's Mill, where he made a full confession of all he had done, and said repeatedly: "He was glad he had done so." About nine o'clock in the evening, what could be found of the remains were brought to the mill village, and Cullen, in view of what he had done, said: "He was glad he had killed those he had, and would kill Swanback and Bird if he could."

The people had become terribly exasperated with him. About ten o'clock, B. J. Hughes, constable of Mapleton, who had Cullen in his keeping, with a guard of six men, among whom were Dr. Parker and James Phair, of this village, started for this place with the prisoner. About one-half mile this side of the mill, and seven miles from the village, they were suddenly surrounded, as Doctor Parker judges, by seventy-five men in disguise, who seized and held Mr. Hughs, also the Doctor and others of the guard, and seizing Cullen, dragged him out of the wagon and a very short distance into the woods, and hung him to a tree. Dr. Parker says it was all the work of a very few minutes, nor could any one tell who were the perpetrators. A circle was formed around him so that no one could approach him until he was dead, when he was put into a box and brought to this village.

This terrible tragedy, which in all its horrors was never equaled probably in New England, has cast a gloom over our village and town, never before known. Mr. Hayden was one of our best citizens, who has lived in this town from his childhood, universally respected and beloved. He leaves a wife and child, father, mother, and numerous other relatives. He was of the firm of Hayden & Pratt, merchants, had been for years Deputy Sheriff, faithful and true in all the relations of life, and we could hardly lose a more valuable citizen. His age was 36 years.

Mr. Hubbard was recently from St. Albans, in Somerset county. He had taken up land in Chapman, for the purpose of making a farm, and was known to many of our citizens as a very worthy young man. We hear that he was the only support of a widowed mother. His age was about 25 years.

Cullen, who was 27 years of age, was from New Brunswick, and belongs to a family of rough and hard men. It is said his reputation was very bad in the Province, and that he came here because he could not with safety remain there. He has been in the vicinity of the place where he committed the crime, some two years. Those who knew him best say he was regarded by them as a reckless and dangerous man. Those who knew less about him regarded him as quiet and inoffensive. Probably Mr. Hayden had no idea of his reckless character, or he would not have afforded him the opportunity to commit the dreadful deed.

The latest ticket for Massachusetts is Gen. B. F. Butler for Governor, and Mr. Hoyt, originator of the Sumner resolutions of censure, for Lieutenant-Governor. This will be a bad ticket to catch the temperance vote, considering Mr. Hoyt's disgraceful appearance in the Legislature recently, yet it ought to prove successful in a State which censures Charles Sumner and sends B. F. Butler to Congress. [Tribune.

A Georgia judge fined four lawyers $5 each for laughing in court, the other day.

A Remarkable Divorce Case.

Correspondence of the Journal.

WISCASSET, May 5th.

The divorce case of Emma G. Call, libellant vs Moses Call, which in many of its features is perhaps the most peculiar of any case heretofore tried in this state, has been on trial here nine days, before Judge Cutting and a jury. The libellant is the daughter of Capt. John Chase of Edgecomb, whose family has always been regarded for their intelligence, culture and social standing among the first in that town. The libellee is a physician residing in the town of New Castle, and has retired from a successful practice of his profession for about forty years.

The parties were married on the 20th day of Jan. 1836, the libellant who is his second wife, then being thirty years of age, and Dr. Call sixty. On the same day they proceeded to Lowell, Mass. and before another day it seems that the harmony of their union was disturbed. The Dr. left his wife's bed in the latter part of the second night after marriage, and wandered about the streets of Lowell till morning. On the next day she went to Boston, and the day after he followed, finding her after considerable search and many inquiries at the American House, where she then, unwittingly as she says, relinquished her right of dower in all of his real estate in Maine and Mass., which is variously estimated from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars. On the next day they returned to New Castle, and from time to time up to May, 1871, the case disclosed very little congeniality &c., usually permitted. During this time the first and only child was born, and during the same period an increase of family was prevented, as the doctor says, for a good, sufficient and humane reason, or as she says because he was unable to realize that the blessings attending such an event would outweigh the inconvenience.

Mrs. Call is a member of the Congregational church, and from the first they were unable to be reconciled, each to the others belief, and on the first Sabbath in May, 1871, the "last feather which broke the camel's back" was added by reason of Mrs. Call partaking of the sacrament with a newly admitted member of the same church, whom the doctor considered to be an unworthy member. From that time they nightly occupied separate apartments up to the time of issuing of the libel on the 15th of April, 1872. Prior to issuing the libel—the parties occupying the same house—Mrs. Call passed to her husband the following

LETTER.

"Whatever you may think of the contents of this letter, I ask as a personal favor, that you will believe that the motive which actuates me to do this is beyond reproach. Whatever action you may take in regard to the matter, I ask also as a personal favor, that three things you will never again lay to my charge, viz. that I married you for your money; that when you were sick I hoped you would die; and that I have now or ever had the heartlessness to build my expectations for the future upon any means which might be left me at your death. I have always believed you would outlive me, and for reasons I may not give, I am now more fully persuaded that such will be the case. Now for every moment of unhappiness I may have occasioned you, for any unkindness or ill-treatment you may have received at my hands, for every neglect of duty towards yourself or your household, I sincerely ask your forgiveness.

If you grant this request, and are willing to try again if we may live peaceably together, never allowing any difficulty which may arise to pass without a full understanding between us, then I promise on my part to consult your wishes and regard your happiness and comfort in every respect where it shall be my duty and pleasure. The only indulgence I ask for myself is the privilege of attending church on the Sabbath when it is proper so to do, and of attending the prayer meeting one evening in the week. Awaiting your answer, either written or verbal as may please you, I remain.

E. G. C.

In reply to this, the doctor, nearly a month after, wrote a letter of eleven foolscap pages, reciting his grievances, and endeavoring to show wherein it was impossible for them to live together, but telling her that as both moral and civil law require him to furnish her suitable support, that he would in a proper manner, as long as she chose to receive it of him. In alluding to their commencement of married life he says:

"From the first day of our union, when I was made the blind subject of wanton and shameless waiting, that for one week I should not know you" and the butt of your family jest and ridicule, so that for the nights we spent in Lowell—or rather parts of nights—I was unable to say whether you were feminine or doubtful gender, then I was painfully impressed with the coarse nature and objects of the woman I had taken to my bosom; and had I carried out the resolve I then formed when I left you in the dead of night, and in my wanderings around the city and among the tombs, I should now be a happier man, and your own mother would have approved of it, for when on your return you immodestly boasted that 'you had kept the pledge' she remarked 'If I were the doctor I would have left you.'"

While Dr. Call was visiting a son living in the south, in 1871, other letters of an interesting character passed between him and his wife. From one written by him dated Richmond, Va., March, 1871, for the purpose of giving some idea of his religious belief—so far as this may do it—I will quote. He is speaking of home and of what can make a home happy in connection with the reflection that his two sons, though dearly loved, having grown up to manhood and one of them having taken to himself a wife, must in the very nature of things leave the home of their childhood; and he finishes the subject with the following:

"Your thoughts aspire higher or further, and rest your happiness beyond. I certainly would not, if I could, disturb your reverie. But for myself, gave me enjoyment while I have being or life to appreciate it, and I will give up the hallucination of imaginary happiness when the sensorial faculties are obliterated with the dissolution of all organization."

The counsel engaged in the case are Gould, Moore and Hilton for libellant, and S. C. Strout of Portland, Judge Converse of New Castle, and B. F. Smith of Wiscasset, for the defence.

The case was ably contested up to Saturday noon, when it was terminated in a manner very unsatisfactory to the libellant, although she is granted a divorce as prayed for. At the conclusion of the testimony, Mr. Strout arose and addressed the court as follows—

"May it please your Honor: It is apparent from the testimony all through this trial that there is an incompatibility existing between the parties which renders it inconsistent with the peace and morality of society for them to live together. Dr. Call in his cross-examination very frankly stated that in the present temper and condition of his wife, as he understood it, and from the feelings engendered by her conduct in his own breast, he felt that it would not be conducive to domestic harmony for them to live together and cohabit as husband and wife.

Now we have contested this case to great length, not because Dr. Call desired to have her return to him in a wifely relation, but because there are various allegations in the libel, many of which have no foundation in fact, and he felt that it was due to himself and to the community that the whole of the facts as they existed between them as man and wife, and as they have been in his house, should be given to the public, and that he might vindicate himself by this exposition which we have had. We have accomplished that. Dr. Call has at no time desired her to return to him as his wife.

Another thing. He was particularly desirous to meet the statements which have been circulated in the community in regard to the abortion, and to show what we have shown here about that. He now says to this woman that he does not wish her for wife. She may go in peace. And he desires me to say to your Honor that in this stage of the case he is both willing and consents that your Honor may enter a decree of divorce."

Whereupon the court ordered a decree of divorce to be entered by the clerk.

Next to this case in importance, if one can judge from the amount of talk made about it, is the recent discovery by the widow Bruin of her claim in dower to Squirrel Island. This island takes its name from its resemblance to that little animal, when approached in a certain direction from the sea. But I see in the last Journal that you have taken an ursa major view of it, and of which more anon.

Wiscasset affords but two hotels, both of which are centrally located. I have had the pleasure of tarrying at the Hilton House, kept by the young and popular landlord, Edward Hubbard, and am happy to speak of this house as among the best it was ever my good fortune to be a guest of.

S.

WISCASSET, May 6.

The court will probably adjourn finally tomorrow afternoon. The parties and counsel in the Call divorce case arrived here this afternoon for a hearing in the matter of alimony, which will be had to-morrow.

THE BRUIN CASE.

Rumor says that a report comes from those well posted in the manner by which Judge Bruin derived the title to Squirrel Island, that his ancestral line runs back to Von Cornelius Horn Decker, whose marvellous age, if then living, would entitle him to a place in the Bible record. Tradition informs us that this Decker, who for short was called Horn, took possession of this little Island and gem of the sea before he had arrived at the age of a hundred years, having been cast away there, the only other survivor from the wreck being Rebecca Judith Chaples, by whose united efforts the island was peopled. See "Sewall's Ancient Dominions." Hon. Jason M. Carleton, counsel for the widow of the late Bruin, informs me that her title is good. He said that there was at one time some question about the legality of her marriage, but that he saw the Judge himself, and was informed by him when and where the marriage took place. In honor to the widow, Mr. Carleton proposes to give a grand excursion to the Island some time in June, for the benefit of the members of the bar of Lincoln and other counties.

S.

WISCASSET, 7th.

After hearing the testimony of various boarding house keepers, dress makers &c., the court allowed Mrs. Call four hundred and fifty dollars for support of self and child until Oct. term, when question of alimony will be settled.

Letter From Boston

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, April 5.

Talk about "freaks of Nature"! I should think the old lady had gone from home altogether, and left her hopeful off spring to work out their own salvation. Who would have thought Old Winter, after all the disturbance he has made the past season, would have taken advantage of the opportunity to give poor tottling Spring such an outrageous spanking, with one of his first-class snow storms? The grass, which was looking so fresh and green, even the day after the storm, dared not peep through its snowy covering, and the fast opening buds struggled hard to shake off the weight which threatened their destruction. Were we not promised, in the good book a "seed time and harvest," we might issue invitations for a Fourth of July sleigh-ride with perfect impunity.

Taking the current of events, as it runs at the present time, immediately after the discussion of weather comes The Bazaar of the Nations. Boston has never witnessed such a novelty, and the interior of Music Hall is doing the foreign to a tremendous extent. Like the less pretentions gatherings, known as fairs, the great attempt causes one to stuff his pocket book equal to a Thanksgiving turkey, in order to get a wholesome idea of what is what? It would be utterly impossible, in the limited space allotted me, to describe the truly wonderful architecture of the numerous establishments, erected in their perfect imitation and nearly the true size of the genuine houses of different countries. The center of the hall is left clear to represent a plaza; and the buildings are far enough apart to give each a street upon which the natives promenade in full costume. Every nation on the face of the earth is represented by a house and occupants, with the different products for sale. The gaudy colors of the Turkish mansion, four stories in height with a cupola, orighten the sombre brown stone of its neighbor the old German of six stories. The Swiss and Chinese cottages stand side by side, the latter brilliant with chrome yellow and Chinese vermillion. And so on to the end, each structure having its peculiar attraction, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. Many of the venders of goods and fruits are natives found in America, or brought over especially for the Bazaar. Speeches and songs in the many different languages each evening help the entertainment, and the music of the real German band is worth more than the price of admission. One of the finest specimens of art, to my way of viewing the strange scenes, is the nightly appearance of a donkey laden with fruit, and led by a peasant boy, who solemnly faces up and down the streets, apparently satisfied with the idea that he is the only donkey that ever traveled the sacred limits of Music Hall. Dream on old fellow—"where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Another pleasing feature is the Oriental wedding procession, which leaving the Syrian house, wends its way slowly across the hall to the Turkish, making all the way such uncouth noises supposed to be a fac simile of those made by the Feejee Islanders, and are greeted on the return with a few rounds of the Modoc war-whoops. Upon the whole the noises are more complicated, and no more intelligible than the incessant cackle of the poultry show.

Much discussion and hesitancy arose among the ladies interested in regard to the costumes, which in some instances were hardly compatible with the Yankee ideas of propriety. Some were obliged to be completely ignored, there being no one willing to take the limited amount of cloth offered for a covering. Many represented are greatly toned to suit the niceity of the wearer, which fact, it philosopically discussed, might be a test of the quantity of female modesty existing among the fair damsels of the fair. We are to be favored with a continuation of the remarkable effort for several weeks, and if the four thousand dollars taken the first day is a shadow of coming events, the Christian Association must be greatly enriched at the close.

The debut of a new paper called "After Dinner" is creating some sport among the newspaper profession. The name surely suggests a fullness of rich and spicy matter, and it must of necessity be good natured.

Wendel Phillips delivered his popular lecture on Froude a few evenings since in aid of the home for destitute Catholic children.

The different places of amusement are wonderfully attractive for this season of the year, something new and popular being advertised weekly. Wilkie Collins fascinating story "The New Magdalen", which is read with so much interest in Harper's Magazine, is to be dramatized and put upon the stage at the Globe, Miss Laclerque taking the part of Mercy Merrick.

May day was quite extensively celebrated; the children gathering as usual at Warren Street Chapel for dancing, and Charlestown juveniles rallying round Bunker Hill Monument.

Jennie Collins is slowly recovering from her late severe illness.

The Maine Central Railroad Company on Sunday got their track extended to the bridge on the east side of the river, at Kendall's Mills. The transfer of passengers can now be made in ten minutes. The transfer of freight is being done with a large number of teams. At a citizen's meeting, held at Andrews Hall, at Kendall's Mills recently, it was decided to oppose the project of the railroad company to abandon the bridge at Kendall's Mills and go on the east side of the river, and to employ the best counsel to be had in the State. Should the Maine Central succeed in getting the right of way, and build their road, it would probably result in the building of another road from Kendall's Mills to tide water. Much feeling is manifested by the manufacturers of lumber, who ship every year eighteen million feet of lumber, all of which has to go by rail.

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—BY—

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Law's Oppression.

Among the almost unbearable ills of life the great poet classes "the law's delay, the insolence of office." The government of the United States, since the high tariff has become a part of its policy, is multiplying instances in which the law, that presumed instrument of justice, is made a means of oppression to those whom it ought to protect. The false system of protection drags in its train unnumbered evils. It necessitates the encouragement of spies, informers, and hosts of disreputable scamps, whose wits and activity are sharpened by the promise of a share in the plunder they may capture. Merchants, honorable men, intending to deal fairly with the world and the government, are ensnared by these artful rogues, entangled in the net of a revenue law which no one can understand, and are ruined.

The case of Phelps, Dodge & Co., which is making a great sensation in commercial circles, is a sample of the way in which the present laws and regulations work. This firm, heavy importers of hardware, tin, &c., were charged with fraudulent under-valuation of their goods, by which a large amount of advalorem duty was lost to the custom house. It was in vain that they offered to show that the cost of the goods abroad had greatly fluctuated during their many years of business under the protective tariff. In vain they offered to show that they had paid as much in over valuation of invoices as the most ingenious twisting of the law could show that they had apparently fallen short. Their books were seized and submitted to men schooled in making fraud appear where none existed, and they were summoned to defend an array of suits in the United States Court. Judge Noah Davis, who was then acting District Attorney, after a careful examination of the whole matter, gave his opinion that the firm had committed no intentional frauds, and was confirmed in that opinion by the fact that the Government was a gainer rather than a loser in the aggregate, by the alleged unlawful invoicing.

The custom house experts, however, who were entitled to a share of the fines and forfeitures, claimed that the firm owed the government a million dollars. Rather than defend vexatious suits with the government as a plaintiff, to get their books and resume their business, they paid $271,000 which a high-minded official like Judge Davis said they did not equitably owe.

The New York Evening Post, which though a republican paper, does excellent service by exposing the folly and wrongs of the high tariff policy, says that the particular case of Phelps, Dodge & Co. is a much more common one than is generally supposed. A commercial house of high standing in New York made a contract with manufacturers in England for a certain class of woolen goods, for which the demand in this country was fixed but limited. But the contract was made for a certain quantity of these goods to be forwarded at stated periods at an agreed price. They were duly shipped and duly invoiced at that cost, and the duty duly levied and paid. So far, so well. But it happened that at about the time of the expiration of the contract the importers wanted more of the goods than they had contracted for, and ordered them of the same manufacturers. They were made and shipped, but not at the price of the goods previously forwarded under the contract, the manufacturers averring, and truthfully, that, as the price of the raw material had risen, they could not afford to make more of that class of goods on the terms of the original contract. For this last lot, therefore, the importers paid the high price demanded, invoicing them, of course, at the actual cost and paying duties accordingly.

Now, could a Treasury agent have got hold of these facts, he would have discovered by a comparison of the correspondence and the invoices that the merchant had been receiving and paying duties on goods at a certain cost for some months, which the manufacturers declared they could not have then made at that price because of the enhancement in the value of the raw material, and that they therefore were invoiced below the market value. And as a proof of it the informer could produce the invoice of the last shipment, in which the goods were charged at a higher rate than for some time previous. Yet, nevertheless, there was no fraud either in fact or intent, though the transaction might be construed as an evasion of the law. The goods were not of a kind that are ever kept in stock, as they are only made to order, and there is no other way of estimating their market value except from their cost. Their cost was the contract price, notwithstanding the fact that during the continuance of a portion of the time of that contract a new one could not have been made at the same rate, and consequently the goods could not have been bought at that price. But the merchant was not bound to know, and really did not know, till he ordered more goods than he had contracted for, that those he had been receiving, though invoiced at precisely what they cost him, were undervalued if measured by what they would have cost him had he ordered them at the price which the manufacturers would have consented to supply them on a new order.

It is for such cases as these that spies and informers, prompted by the tariff laws, are continually on the search and on which they fatten. A merchant, however scrupulous he may be, and however desirous he may be to comply with the very letter of the act, may come to grief by an erroneous interpretation of the law as to cost and market value, or by an interpretation which should bring him into conflict with laws which may be twisted into having more than one meaning. He knows that he is dogged by men, even if they are not of his own counting-house, who are experts in detecting technical violations of the tariff regulations, and who will prove him to have been a rogue in spite of the best intentions. If he is a timid man he may submit to the exaction of blackmail; if the case is one difficult of explanation, he pays any sum demanded rather than suffer an exposure which may damage his reputation; at best, however disposed to take his stand upon an unblemished character and his rights, he may, by the technicalties of a law, which is a trap alike to the unwary and the careful, be compelled to make the best terms he can with those into whose power he has unhappily fallen. The inevitable result must be, in the long run, to drive honorable men out of business, who will not take such chances of ruin both in reputation and purse, and put it into the hands of unscrupulous agents of foreign houses, who will keep no books and cultivate short memories.

"General Grant," says the N. Y. Evening Post, "is not a quick-witted man, but it is marvellous that even he did not see how great a chance for achieving an almost unbounded popularity Congress gave him in raising his and their own salaries. It was simply his duty to refuse to sign a bill that contained a provision so disgraceful and so dishonest as that which gave a gratuity of $5,000 out of the United States treasury to the members of a congress just going out of existence. Had he refused his sanction to it, and given notice that he should call the new Congress together to pass a new appropriation bill, he would have done himself infinite credit. He took the other course—we are sincerely sorry to say, to his great discredit."

The failure of the postal telegraph in England to keep pace with expenditures, under circumstance in every way favorable, will be apt to settle the huge job proposed for this country, where every condition is against it. With evidence that $8,000,000 have been sunk in the experiment on the other side, even the genius of Palmer will now fail to inflict the system on the United States. This official disclosure will put a final quietus on another of the pet schemes of Cresswell, endorsed by Grant. Ridiculous as the failure is, it is still far less absurd than other improvement schemes emanating from the same quarter.

While the towns between Rockland and Bangor are voting aid to the Penobscot Bay and River Railroad, a threatening cloud has arisen. The Massachusetts Legislature is about to give permission for the Eastern and Boston & Maine Railroads to consolidate, and probably to lease connecting lines to Halifax. The Portland Press says—

The consummation of the plan will be the death blow to a competing line between Portland and Bangor and dispel all the expectations that may have arisen in consequence of a second line between Portland and Boston.

Since the above was in type, the Press publishes the following—

It is due to the Boston & Maine railroad to say that we have seen a communication from President White of that corporation, in which he gives it as his unqualified opinion, formed by an intimate acquaintance with the leading stockholders, that they will never consent to the consolidation of the Eastern and Boston & Maine roads.

We have published a history of the murder of Mrs. Hedges in Eureka, Illinois, and the fact that the crime was imputed to Mrs. Workman, the wife of a Methodist minister who held guilty relations with the murdered woman. To the surprise of the community, the Grand Jury has refused to indict Mrs. W., although the evidence of her crime is conclusive.

—Administration papers are grappling with the conundrum which anxious subscribers are asking—"How can the republican party be against the salary steal, when the President signed the bill?" They wrestle fearfully, but it throws 'em every time.

—A man in Portland advertises: "Wanted, a woman to bushel, and make button holes." The button hole business will be readily understood, but what in the world is hid under that bushel?

—The astronomers think there is a planet between Mercury and the sun. The presumption is that the recent winter was not felt there.

—The Maine Central has decided not to rebuild the Kendall's Mills bridge. A track will be built on the east side of the river from Winslow to Benton, and there connect with the old track. Thus persons coming east from Augusta will cross the river but once, and that on the iron bridge at Augusta.

—In his will, Louis Napoleon says that "It is the soul of my illustrious uncle that has always inspired and sustained me." His illustrious uncle would never have declared war against Prussia, and got such a terrible pounding.

—Hon. James Brooks, representative to Congress from one of the New York city districts, died in Washington on the 30th. Mr. Brooks was a native of Maine, having been born in Portland in 1807. He graduated at Waterville College, and adopted the profession of journalism, making his first appearance as a writer for the Portland Advertiser. Originally a whig, when that party broke up he joined the democracy. He was for many years editor of the New York Express, in which paper he made a large fortune. His reputation as an honorable man was never clouded until the unfortunate Credit Mobilier affair, and it is believed that the excitement and chagrin attendant upon the investigation had much to do with hastening his death.

—In spite of all our repeated callings upon Barnabas for that promised custom house investigation, there is no response, and we conclude that he must be gone out of the neighborhood. This supposition is greatly strengthened by the following paragraph from the Bangor Whig of Monday—

A gentleman on the East side of Kenduskeag stream had his flock of hens stolen from the roost on Thursday night.

—The 1st book of Samuel, 13th chapter and 19th verse, says: "Now there was no Smith found throughout all the land of Israel." Strange, wasn't it? [Lewiston Journal.

But further along in the volume it says "there was heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness." That was John.

Lynch Law.

We regret, as we think every citizen of Maine should, the recent act of Lynch law in Aroostook county. The murderer was of undoubted guilt, and taken red-handed, it is true; it is true that the force of example and the safety of the community demanded punishment. But it is equally true that the administration of justice can never be entrusted to the self-constituted authority of a mob, impelled by its indignation and passion for revenge. It is liable to make fearful mistakes. Total innocence may, by the force of circumstances, be made to look so much like guilt as to carry conviction to any but the calm deliberation of a legal tribunal. Even the latter sometimes commits errors. The violent acts of a mob are always an affront to the sovereignty of the state, whose rights and powers it usurps. And besides these considerations, all who participate in the taking of life under such circumstances are legally guilty of murder, ever though the man be as guilty as the Aroostook ruffian is claimed to have been.

For all these considerations, and for the good name of our state, we regret this first act of execution by Lynch law within her borders. We trust that in other cases of aggravated murder the guilty person may be surrendered to the rightful authorities, to go through the lawful processes of trial and punishment. If the murderer's life is to be taken, as we believe it should be, let the law take it. And we must be permitted to doubt, were the execution of murderers certain under our laws, whether the persons who took Cullen would have executed him. The fear that he would escape, through the prevailing tenderness towards criminals, probably sealed his fate.

Letter from Rockland.

Correspondence of the Journal.

ROCKLAND, May 5.

The anniversary of the Rockland Temperance Retorm Club was celebrated Thursday eve May 1st, by a temperance mass meeting at Farwell & Ames Hall. The services of the Rockland Band were engaged to add to the interest of the occession, and a big crowd assembled to listen to the remarks of the various speakers. The hall was well filled, and the speakers congratulated the club for the work performed during the past year. After listening to the flattering remarks, which were interspersed with "music by the band," the crowd were invited to "shell out" their spare change to forward the good work, and as an appreciation the friends of the cause "pooled in" the enormous sum of $19.50 "How is that for high?" When you touch their pockets they aint there. The city government the same evening passed in both branches an order authorizing the city marshal to prosecute forthwith all violations of the liquor law. As yet "everything is quiet on the Potomac," and people are waiting to see whether this new move is to amount to anything further than a mere show.

A few rows on the point, the past week, have made things lively for the police. Several persons have had "heads put on them" with great success.

Saturday morning at about three o'clock an alarm of fire was given, and the fire department was promptly on the spot. The fire was supposed to be in the shoe shop of A. R. Bills, situated in the second story of the Spofford Block. The boys reeled off the hose and got all ready for action, when their efforts were summarily checked, by the appearance of the innocent cause of the uproar. It appears that one of the workmen was finishing a job, and commencing early he had recourse to a fire and light. The air being damp the smoke settled to the ground, and the dim light gave all the appearance of a first class conflagration. When broken in upon he wanted to know "what the devil the reason was they couldn't let a fellow alone." Some of the boys on the hose wanted to "put him out" anyhow.

The Bangor Cornet Band give a grand promenade concert and ball in this city Wednesday the 7th.

The boys of Rockland Engine Co. No. 2 are round with a paper after funds to purchase them an engine. The city fathers should make them an appropriation for their "spunk" if nothing more.

Mr. Henry Litchfield took an involuntary cold bath Saturday afternoon while rowing a racing shell in the cove in the rear of the Masonic Block. He caught his oar in the water and ere he could extricate it he was "spilt all in a heap" into the raging sea. No insurance.

The wife of Mr. John T. Berry died suddenly Sunday morning at about seven o'clock. She was out on the street Friday afternoon, went home, was suddenly taken ill, and in a few hours relapsed into an unconscious state and remained so until her death.

VIM.

Supreme Judicial Court.

JUDGE DICKERSON PRESIDING.

In the case of John Hawkins vs. Loren Rose, on trial when we went to press last week, the jury gave plaintiff a verdict for the amount claimed, $177.71

McLellan, Williamson. Boyle.

Belcher vs. Simpson. Defendant was sued for rent, which she claimed her husband should pay. Verdict for defendant.

Vose. Hubbard.

In the case of John Dickey vs. Francis A. Tower and James F. Churchill, in which a verdict of $12.45 was rendered against the latter, the Court set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial, at request of plaintiff. Judge Dickerson commented with severity upon the manifest perjury in this case.

Mary A. Downing, libt. vs. Lemont Downing. Libel for divorce on account of adultery of the husband. The parties reside in Searsmont. Divorce decreed. Custody of minor children given to libellant.

Williamson.

The following rescript has been received from Androscoggin Co:

Samuel Edwards et al. vs. Thomas T. Moody. "Judgment for plff's. for amount of original judgment, with interest from date of rendition."

Williamson. Fogler.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Waldo County Law Library, held during the recent term of Court, the treasurer reported a balance of $122.14 in the treasury. The number of books added during the past year was eighty-eight, at a cost of $277.48.

—Candidates for the republican nomination for Governor are increasing. The Bangor Whig presents the name of Judge Kent, and feelingly alludes to the time when, in the doubtful hard cider days, Maine

"Went hell bent,
For Governor Kent,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

That was a disastrous defeat to the democracy, but the party lived to see the state and the country, in these latter days, bent a good deal stronger toward the sulphureous regions. However, the Judge may now be considered as the Penobscot candidate; but let it be remembered that lightning don't strike twice in the same place.

—The bar of Penobscot has tendered, and Judge Kent has accepted a complimentary dinner on the occasion of his retiring from the bench of the Supreme Court.

—Oakes Ames has had an attack of paralysis, and is in a very critical condition. He is 69 years old.

—David Cargill, of Augusta, has been re-elected Grand Master of the Masonic bodies of Maine.

—A three-masted schooner of 850 tons has just been launched at Bath.

Generalities.

Strawberries and peaches are promised in abundance this season.

Mrs. Jane Davis of Biddeford, committed suicide by jumping into the Saco.

The Hon. S. S. Cox is likely to be the successor in Congress of the late James Brooks.

Col. Joseph A. Deane died very suddenly in Ellsworth on Monday, aged 75.

Smith, the Westfield murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged next November.

The wild oranges of Florida make a wine which gets a man so drunk that he sleeps two days and nights before waking.

A New Hampshire man has the leather strap which has thrashed the family through three generations.

Edward McDonald was crushed to death, on Friday, while at work on a jam of logs at the mouth of Kennebec River. His age was 30 years.

John Hamilton, a brakeman on a freight train from Portland to Waterville, was seriously injured by being struck by the overhead bridge at West Waterville.

Californians who have employed Chinamen as shoemakers are now seeing the Celestials start in business for themselves and undersell the market.

The Press says that since December last one hundred and thirty-three cases of small-pox have been received at the Portland Hospital, thirty-three of whom died.

A New Bedford man slaughtered an ox last week, from the paunch of which was taken a five dollar note on the First National bank of Norwalk, Ohio, in fair condition.

The Argus says that Hon. F. O. J. Smith was notified by telegraph Thursday, that in the "Cornell case," in which he was the plaintiff, he had recovered a verdict for $632,000.

Alfred Burns, Master of the fishing schooner San Gannon, of Waldoboro, fell overboard at Portland Saturday night while going on board and was drowned. His body was recovered.

The United States revenue from manufactured tobacco, in ten months of the present year, is only $300,000 less than the entire receipts of the previous year, not withstanding the reduced tax.

Miss Anna Dickinson is sued by a St. Louis lecture committee for failing to make her appearance after a hall had been engaged and announcements and tickets printed to the value of $300.

John Herbert Philbrick, son of J. W. Philbrick of Waterville, was the successful competitor for the West Point cadetship for that district. The examination was made by the faculty of Colby University.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 6. Hon. James L. Orr, Ambassador of the United States, died in this city last night of inflammation of the lungs. He had been ill from a cold for some time, but his death was wholly unexpected.

WASHINGTON, May 5. The aggregate amount paid in the treasury up to noon to-day by 27 members of Congress, it being their return of extra compensation, is $111,000, including the check of Senator Sumner for $1,444.

Twelve years ago a Connecticut farmer killed himself by placing the muzzle of a gun against his breast and discharging it with a poker. Last Wednesday morning his son, also a farmer, in the same room, with the same gun, and in the same manner, took his life.

One of Barnum's vans containing wax works, had its top stripped off by striking a railroad bridge, and the wax works were rendered unrecognizable as counterparts of deceased fame. Damage about $1000.

The following concise and comprehensive note was sent to an Illinois merchant by a neighboring farmer, the other day: "Send me a dozen chain and two hinges. Jane had a baby last night—also two padlocks."

Waterville, May 2 Charles Bigelow of Skowhegan, aged between 35 and 40 years, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the breast. He lived but a few minutes. No cause is assigned for the deed.

Capt. James Fletcher, who died last week at Machisport, at the residence of his son, James M. Fletcher, Esq., was one of the unfortunate men who suffered imprisonment in the famous Dartmoor prison, in the war of 1812.

A bill has passed the New York Assembly for removing Sing Sing prison to Fisher's Island. Fisher's Island is two miles broad, eight miles long and lies in the Sound, sixteen miles from New London, off the east end of Long Island.

The English newspapers constantly complain that emigration to America is draining from the British islands large numbers of their best laboring population. A similar complaint is also made in Germany, Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

Mr. Gungle, a butcher, of Princeton, Wis., hung his rifle

NEW LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS. Attention is called to the new stock of millinery and fancy goods at Wells'.—J. C. Robbins has a floating establishment at Haraden's Wharf where can be found shingles and clapboards of all kinds.

Col. Osgood, Eastern Express agent at Augusta, was travelling over the Belfast branch last week hunting after a $500 package of money which was claimed not to have been received by the party to whom it was addressed, at Belfast. The Colonel found the letter which he wrote of the money had enclosed with it in sealed package, upon the premises of the forgetful receiver, who concluded not to hold the express responsible. The Eastern Express is very prompt and careful in looking after the interests of its customers, but it don't mean to be swindled.

SURGERY. Dr. Johnson, of Dixmont, assisted by Drs. Williams, of Freedom, Thomas of Unity, and Hill of Newburgh, successfully removed a tumor weighing 10 pounds 3 ounces, from the inter scapular region of Mr. John Webb, of Troy.

MONROE. You speak in the Journal of last week of the loss by fire, of the barn of George Moore, of Monroe. It should read George Holmes of Frankfort.

The people of this place and vicinity have taken hold in earnest to start a cheese factory. They are now putting up the buildings, so it is a sure thing.

FREEDOM. The spring term of Freedom Academy closed on Friday last. The teachers, Mr. Stone and Miss Files, are highly esteemed.

Religious services were held in the church last Sabbath by the Rev. Mr. Morneut, from Indiana. He is expected to remain with us through the summer.

Business at Boardman's Mills (late Dormans) will be resumed immediately, by parties from Vassalboro.

The remains of Mrs. McAlister, widow of Gen. McAlister, formerly of Freedom, were brought here for burial last Friday.

G. M. Luce, of the firm of Barlow & Luce, Belfast, has removed to Rockland, and Mr. Barlow continues the business alone.

Mrs. Chapman has closed her boarding house and gone to New Hampshire.

Farmers in this vicinity are busy ploughing and sowing, and the roads are in good condition, few shaded places where the snow lies deep excepted.

Appalling Accident.

DIXON, Ill., May 4. A terrible accident, bringing a fearful loss of life, occured here this afternoon. The rite of baptism was administered to a number of converts in one of the Baptist churches here at a point on Rock river just below the trestle iron bridge, and about two hundred persons, including many ladies and a number of children had gathered on the bridge to witness the ceremony. Suddenly, without warning, the bridge gave way and precipitated its living freight into the stream below.

The scene which ensued was indescribably terrible, as the struggling victims vainly endeavored to free themselves from the ruins of the bridge and from each other. Large crowds of people on the banks rushed wildly to and fro, many of them so distracted with terror as to be unable to render any assistance—others were self-possessed and speedily brought ropes, planks and boats, and went nobly to work to rescue the living and recover the dead. Some of these were on the bridge when it fell—were so near the edge that they were able to reach land without assistance; while others were fortunately in reach of those on shore, but up to 6 p. m. thirty-two dead bodies had been taken from the river, and it is almost certain that there are others still under the wreck of the bridge. Of those saved 24 were more or less injured—some fatally.

LATER.

DIXON, Ill., 5. No other bodies of the victims of the terrible disaster by the breaking down of the bridge across the river here yesterday during baptismal exercises, have been recovered up to the present hour, but several bodies were picked up at Sterling, six miles below, and doubtless the swift current has brought others down the stream. The general estimate of the list is from ninety to one hundred and fifty. Five bodies floated past the men at work at the wreck and the ladies have not been found. It is supposed that at least 50 bodies are still in the water. Most of them are supposed under the wreck of the bridge.

The bridge was of iron, trestle pattern, five spans, elevated about 25 feet above the river, which is from 15 to 25 feet deep. Only the two end spans fell. The three middle spans are standing, but in such a condition that it is thought they will fall when the wrecked spans are removed. Workmen are busy to-night putting up a derrick in order to clear the wreck, and making arrangements to secure the bodies beneath it. It is now stated that there were 300 persons on the bridge at the time of the accident, and a greater number escaped than at first supposed.

When the bridge gave way most of the people were gathered at either end. A large number was near the centre, and some of the latter remained where they were after the crash and were taken off in boats. Several persons jumped from their precarious places and were drawn ashore. Two horses were attached to a buggy on the middle span when the crash came and remain there still, as there is no way of getting them off.

There were a number of remarkable escapes of children of whom there were not less than fifty on the bridge. One little fellow, aged 13, was caught by both feet in the rigging of one of the spans and had a leg broken; but he managed by sheer strength to pull one of his boots off and then coolly took out his knife and ripped the other boot from the crippled leg and swam ashore. Two little girls, sisters, standing side by side, went down together. The child caught the other by the dress with one hand and with the other hand seized a part of the wreck and maintained their heads above water.

No additional names of the killed are yet known. During the night the workmen got the derricks in position to raise the bridge and until that tedious work is accomplished hardly anything further can be done. There are crowds of people on the banks of the river this morning viewing the scene of the disaster, the majority of whom are looking for missing friends.

The telegraph is kept constantly in use with messages from all parts of the United States. Every house in the city is in mourning. Mr. P. M. Alexander and Mrs. Vann died this forenoon from the effects of their injuries. Among the killed was Miss Bessie Payne, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Payne, Editor of the Chicago Ladies' Magazine.

It is feared that the extent of the calamity is not learned, for there may have been many on the bridge from the country whose names have not been obtained. The bridge, torn and broken, hangs from the pier, and is an appalling sight in itself. At each end men women and children were crushed into the river, while at the north end the loss of life was the greatest, the bodies were held firmly to the bottom of the river in the net work of iron.

HAIR PEDDLERS. For several years the hair importers of New York have been in the habit of fitting out peddlers (chiefly French or German), whose stock in trade and general outfit are sent from that port. Those men, when they reach the old country, travel through sequestered districts, offering their wares for sale. Whenever they meet a farmer's wife or a peasant girl with a fine head of hair, they endeavor to obtain the precious locks, generally in exchange for a calico dress and a few ornaments. In this way a large stock is gathered at small rates, and this, when brought to New York, commands a high price. It is a remarkable fact that human hair grows nearly twice as fast in Europe as it does in America. Hence the product of the former country is much greater relatively to its population than that of the latter. All Europe is now carefully canvassed in the manner referred to, and tresses which may once have adorned some Saubian housemaid are made to grace the head of a Fifth avenue belle.

Tennessee pensions forty-nine soldiers of the war of 1812, and four of the Revolution.

Suicide of Lieut. Dennison.

From the San Francisco Morning Call, April 18.

Shortly after 12 o'clock noon, yesterday, Erasmus A. Dennison, who held a commission as lieutenant in the United States Navy, and had been assigned to duty on board of the steamer Saranac, committed suicide at the lodging-house on the north-east corner of Dupont and Washington streets by shooting himself through the head with a revolver.

The suicide was a native of Columbus, Ohio, about 27 years of age, and a man of fine personal appearance. He was a son of General Dennison, ex-Postmaster General and ex-Governor of Ohio. He graduated at the Annapolis Naval School in 1865. About two years ago he married the widow of Commodore Selim E. Woodworth, and having obtained leave of absence, he shortly after his marriage went on a wedding tour through Europe, and on his return here rejoined his vessel. The marriage, it appears, was not a happy one. On Thursday night the Saranac returned from a cruise, and Lieutenant Dennison, soon after coming ashore, received a letter from his wife, of which the following is a copy:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1873.—Lieutenant E. Dennison, United States steamer Sananac. Sir:—During your absence, I have long and painfully considered our relations for the past few months. It will, perhaps, be no surprise to learn that I have irrevocably resolved never to live with you again, and I shall at once take steps to procure a divorce. If there be any necessity for communicating with me, it must be done through the Messrs. Rodgers, my attorneys. LESSETTE DENNISON.

Accompanying Mrs. Dennison's letter was one from her attorneys, in which they had been instructed to institute proceedings for a divorce. After receiving this letter he began to indulge in drink, and soon was very much under its influence. While in a state of intoxication he went to the house of Mary E. Pleasant, No. 920 Washington street, where Mrs. Dennison resides with her children, and engaged in a conversation with Mrs. Pleasant about Mrs. Dennison. He remained at the house from 9 o'clock at night until 12, and during that time stated that he intended to kill himself. After leaving the house he went to the room of of his friend, Alexander Caselli, in the building at the corner of Dupont and Washington streets, and he remained there during the night.

Yesterday morning Mr. Caselli visited Mrs. Dennison, and conversed with her on the subject of the divorce, after which he returned to his room and told Lieutenant Dennison that Mrs. Dennison was determined to obtain the divorce. Dennison then handed Mr. Caselli two letters, requesting him to forward them as directed, and then stepped into a bedroom. In a few moments afterwards there was heard the report of a firearm and Caselli opening the door, found Lieutenant Dennison lying on the floor, with a revolver in his right hand, and blood flowing from a wound in the head, near the right temple. Medical aid was summoned at once, but it was soon discovered that the wounded man was beyond assistance, and he died in a short time.

The following is a copy of the letter of deceased to his wife:

MY OWN DARLING:—For you are too noble to have deceived me. Love me as you used to love. I have killed myself in order that our little ones shall not suffer. Lessette, my last words to you are, I have been true to you in action, and I love you now as much as any man can love another; your enemies and mine have done this thing. Beware of them in the future. E. D.

Envelope address—Mrs. E. Dennison, care of Mr. Caselli.

The letter is written with pencil, in a loose irregular hand, and the superscription on the envelope is in ink.

The Coroner's jury returned the following verdict:

"That the deceased came to his death from the effects of a pistol shot wound in the head, inflicted by himself while laboring under great mental excitement caused by domestic trouble."

SALE OF UNCLAIMED EXPRESS PACKAGES. The event of the forenoon was the Eastern Express Company's sale of unclaimed packages, which was conducted by R. S. Prescott, Esq., the veteran auctioneer. By ten o'clock a motley crowd had gathered in front of Prescott's Furniture Warerooms on Central street. There were clergymen, aldermen, rascals, and deacons; countrymen and lantern jawed females of the auction haunting species, besides the usual quantity of loafers.

This sale is a kind of pious lottery in which people who would die of remorse if they should invest a penny in the Royal Havanna have not the slightest scruple in indulging. The crowd was good natured, and was kept so by the humorous remarks of the auctioneer, and the many little incidents of a comical character which occurred.

Several of the "prizes" drawn deserve mention. One gray-haired, and ancient looking man paid 25 cents for a package which contained baby's clothes. A New York commercial traveler invested in a box, as he supposed, of Virginia leaf, but which proved to be filled with old boots. A gentleman whom no one would suspect of convivial tendencies bought a keg of whiskey, and numbers of healthy looking men invested in cough syrup. One of the lucky men paid 45 cents for a box filled with dried up sweet potatoes which he emptied into the street amid the laughter of the crowd, but in the bottom of the box was an envelope containing a $5 greenback. Another of Fortune's favorites paid 25 cents for a box containing a sewing machine. Several sedate looking merchants invested 15 cents each in a map of the City of Portland with a business directory accompanying it. A worthy and portly alderman bought a package, apparently a roll of cloth, but which contained a hundred bill-posters Grant men got Greeley campaign documents and *vice versa*. That even grown-up men may be "pleased with a rattle" was demonstrated by the lively bidding on every package which had the slightest jingle to it.

One gentleman by the name of T——r kept up a constant bidding, and dozens of packages were knocked down to him. Suspicious people said he was in the "Express Ring," and superstitious ones asserted confidently that he was a clairvoyant. One young gentleman of shining abilities invested in a big reflector, and several young bachelors were made happy with flatirons, and nurse-bottles. Bidders were shy of old clo'es, fearing the small-pox.

The sale was conducted in a fair and honorable manner, and the lucky "finds" proved that the packages had not been subjected to any previous examination. Several of the packages had been in the store room of the Express Co. for two, three and even four years. [Bangor Commercial.

A FRIGHTENED IRISH WOMAN. On Tuesday a woman engaged to wash the floor of Lamson's photograph rooms. There chanced to be a basin filled with nitrate of silver standing on the stove, and the woman thinking it contained warm water emptied the contents into her pail. The result was apparent after a few minutes scrubbing. The floor grew black, her arms grew black, and she became so terrified with this sudden transformation that she grew black in the face through fear. "An' the devil has turned me into a nagur sure." The loss to Mr. Lamson was fifteen dollars. [Portland Press.

A WIFE SHOT BY MISTAKE FOR A BURGLER. In Stow, Mass., Tuesday night, Mr. Frank Stevens was aroused by a noise which he thought likely was caused by horse thieves, who have been active of late. He arose and dressed himself and with revolver in hand went to the window but could not discover anything. At the same time, unobserved by him, his wife went into the sitting room and looked out of a window. Mr. Stevens next started to leave the house when he noticed what seemed to be the figure of a man climbing into his sitting room window. Without thought he fired and shot his wife. The ball passed through the right shoulder-blade, coursing downwards toward the abdomen, breaking a rib on its way, and has not yet been extracted. Medical assistance was promptly secured and the sufferer is now comfortable. Hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Opening of the Vienna Exposition.

LONDON, Thursday, May 1.

The international industrial exhibition at Vienna opened to-day, with imposing ceremonies. The weather was unfavorable. The attendance comprised a large number of princes, potentates and distinguished persons from all parts of the globe. A special, dated Wednesday evening, giving an account of the arrangements, says: "Immense progress has been made on the great industrial palace building during the past week. For several days past there have been at least ten thousand at work on it during the day, while four thousand others have been kept steadily at work on it throughout the night, thus keeping up a perfect pandemonium of noise and rattle from morning till night and from sunset to sunrise. It will be the end of June before the exhibition can be seen in full blast and as the authorities intend to make it appear. To show the immense quantity of goods as yet packed in the exhibitors' cases, I will state there are now 7000 laden baggage trucks between Vienna and the frontier, which, at the utmost, can only be unladed at the rate of 200 cars a day. From this the visitor can better judge how soon to visit the exhibition. The principal towns of Austria have offered invitations to numerous distinguished strangers to be present when the emperor shall formally open the building to-morrow.

THE FUTURE OF IRON, COAL AND SHIPS. Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, now in England, writes to his paper, the Utica Herald, interesting letters respecting matters which attract his observing mind. Upon one very important topic he writes:

"A member of the government in the Board of Trade informs me that the coal commission will soon make a new report, and present startling facts and figures showing that the production of coal can not increase hereafter as it has done, and cannot keep pace with the present growth of consumption. In a word, the ratio of the supply of coal to the demand has reached its maximum in Britain. The bearing of this on manufactures can not be exaggerated. With present processes the cost of manufacturing every article to which fuel is requisite, and this covers practically the whole list, must advance. A representative man, familiar with business and production, and a conscious and well-informed thinker, concedes that the hope of British manufactures is upon some new device for utalizing petroleum or other new form of fuel. Great as is the present prosperity of Britain, the supremacy in manufactures, based as it has been on cheap and abundant coal, can not much longer be maintained against the United States. Said a gentleman who has studied this problem closely: 'Undoubtedly the United States must soon lead in making iron and steel for the world.' I am told that the cost of iron ships at Belfast and on the Clyde, has increased nearly fifty per cent. in five years. That change will incite to ship-building on the Hudson and the Delaware. It is not an absolute deficiency of fuel here, that is to be anticipated, but such an advance in cost as vast consumption compels. This Island is ablaze with furnaces and manufactories; their smoke settles down amain. The hour has come for America not only to make all of its own iron and steel, but to ship it to Liverpool and Glasgow and Belfast. And here and now, circumstances invite the return of the American flag to the ocean not only in wooden ships, but in iron hulls built of American ore in American yards."

A BIT OF HISTORY. Captain James Brooks, father of the member of Congress by the same name, whose death was announced Wednesday, was a native of England and was for several years a worthy shipmaster of Portland. His last cruise was as captain of the private armed sloop Yankee, a unique craft, modeled by John H. Hall, the inventor of the breech-loading rifle which was adopted by our United States War Department. The sloop had a flat bottom with a keel six feet deep. She sailed from Portland in June 1814.

On Sunday, July 10th, the Portuguese armed ship Jan Jose Indiano, with a cargo most of which was British goods, came in as a prize to the Yankee. The armament of this ship was in the September following transferred by the Portland Rifle Corps, to the dismantled brig Boxer, which placed the brig in position to defend Vaughan's bridge from a threatened attack by the enemy. The capture of this prize by Captain Brooks was the last that was heard of him or his vessel. Her deep keel probably caused her to founder in a storm.

Captain Brooks left a son and daughter—James and Eliza, who afterwards married a Mr. Marsh, of New York. The second son, Erastus, now of the New York Express was born several months after his father sailed. The orphan children drew an annuity from the United States naval pension fund and were cared for by their mother and their guardian, the late David Trull. [Cor. Portland Press.

The latest to suffer the extreme penalty of the law on the scaffold is John J. Murphy, who was hanged at Stockton, Cal., recently for the murder of Patrick Murray, nearly five years ago. At the time of the murder an intense feeling was excited in the vicinity against the prisoner, but such a length of time has elapsed between his first trial and the day of execution that of late he has been comparatively forgotten. The two men were brothers-in-law, and Murray's wife, who was an invalid, having complained to her brother that she was ill-treated by her husband, Murphy became enraged and shot Murray in his own house and in the presence of his wife. For this crime Murphy was sentenced to suffer death. He was given two trials and was twice respited, but all to no purpose, and he ascended the scaffold on the day appointed. At the conclusion of the reading of the warrant by the Sheriff, Murphy was asked if he had anything to say. With the utmost nonchalance he replied, "I don't know that I have; I have done nothing that I feel bad about. Although I have killed, I do not consider that I have committed a murder. I would do it again under the same circumstances. I acted in defence of my sister, as any man would do. That is all." He then stepped to the front of the platform and was allowed to shake hands with his friends and bid them farewell. The noose was then adjusted and the dread sentence was carried out.

The particulars of the recent boy-murder committed in Greensburg, Pa., are of a curious character. The victim was a boy only 9 years old, while his murderer is a lad of 15 years. On Thursday last Mrs. Shaum sent her son to a store about a mile distant to procure some groceries, and not making his appearance in the evening, search was made to learn his whereabouts, which proved unsuccessful. The only information which could be obtained was that he had been seen in company with a boy named Bacon, 15 years old, and they looked as if they had, or were going to have, an altercation. On Friday search was made for the missing boy by his parents, and during the day two boys, while coming through a belt of woods, discovered a large pile of apparently freshly gathered leaves, sticks and branches. Upon removing them they discovered the body of the murdered boy, with his skull broken, his hair and clothing and the ground covered with clotted blood. Suspicion was at once fastened upon Bacon, who was supposed to have been quarreling with Shaum. Young Bacon was at once arrested, and when he was accused of murder at once denied the charge. After a little talk he was frightened into a confession that he had been fighting. He said that Shaum had a half pound of sugar in his basket, that he asked him for it, and had been refused. He had made up his mind to have the sugar, and he struck him with a club upon the head. Without questioning him further he was committed to the Greensburg jail for trial.

—James H. Carlton was found at night in the streets of Bangor, with a bullet under his scalp, and stated that somebody had tried to murder him. It certainly looked like that.

TROUT BREEDING. J. M. Kimball Esq., of this city is fitting up the Dr. Buzzel place in Cape Elizabeth, which he has recently purchased, as a trout farm. He is building three small ponds which are to open into each other. He has also made artificial streams running out from and into the ponds. Here he proposes to place the fish after they are hatched, and keep them until they are in a proper condition for the market. His plan is to sell no fish before they are three years old. The eggs from which the fish are derived are to be kept in a house specially arranged for their reception and preservation. This house is to be artificially heated to a given temperature. Mr. Kimball has twenty-five thousand fish already out of the egg, and the little fellows are swimming about lively. A visit to this establishment will furnish an interesting and profitable recreation. [Portland Press.

LAWN MOWER. We invite attention to the advertisement of the Archimedian lawn mower to be found in another column of this paper. It is the best mower ever invented, and all who have lawns will find it a great labor saving article, at the same time enabling them to keep their lawns more neatly trimmed than can be done in any other way.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

A Stonington girl recently contracted neuralgia by sleeping with her hands in a stocking of mush to whiten them. The mush froze.

The most sanguine expectations are fully realized by the use of Duponco's Golden Pill.

There is no likeness between a diamond necklin and a yacht, except, by the way, when it is on the breast of a heavy swell.

Of all awful night sounds, that of a frightful cough reverberating through the darkness, is the most saddening. Would you be spared this infliction and save the life endangered by the complaint, administer Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

The reason that an urchin gave for being late at school was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bed cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, High-colored Urine, and Gloomy Forebodings, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or multum in parvo Physic. 25 cents, by all Druggists 678

A Western reporter died of brain fever the other day. He tried to take the notes of a discourse that his mother-in-law was making for the benefit of the family, and the swiftness with which he was obliged to work overstrained his mental organization.

General Debility.

NORTH HAVEN, Knox Co., Me., June 12, 1871.

Mr. James I. Fellows, Chemist, St. John, N.B.

Dear Sir: Having used your chemical preparation of Hypophosphites, which was recommended to me by Mr. Blagdon, Apothecary of Rockland, I am truly surprised with its wonderful effects, because for several years my health has been declining, notwithstanding every means possible, which offered encouragement, was used by me. Several alarming symptoms appeared, amongst which were dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, impoverished blood, and great prostration. Since January, when I began the use of your Syrup, my health has steadily and amazingly improved, so that it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to others, and in this way to show my gratitude for return of health. To all who require a remedy for debility, I would say they will find your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites just what you say it is. I believe it is the best preparation in use. I am, sir, &c.,

ELEAZER CRABTREE, J. P.

A ten-year old, boasting to a school-mate of his father's accomplishments, puts it thus: "My father can do almost anything. He's a notary public, and he's a 'pothecary, and can pull teeth, and he's horse doctor, and he can mend wagons and things, and can play a fiddle, and he's a jackass at all trades.

Centaur Liniment.

There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. Where the parts are not gone, its effects are marvelous It has produced more cures of rheumatism neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swellings, caked-breasts, scalds, burns, salt-rheum, earache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, galls, &c., upon animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. It is a counter-irritant, an all-healing pain reliever. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. It is no humbug. The recipe is published around each bottle. It is selling as no article ever before sold, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. Those who now suffer from rheumatism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic-rheumatism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received. We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe, &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of the yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for spavined or sweenied horses and mules, or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock owners—this liniment is worth your attention. No family should be without Centaur Liniment. J. B. ROSE & Co., New York.

CASTORIA is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals, morphine or alcohol, and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest.

WANTED, a farmer in every town as agent for the Collins Solid Steel Plows. For terms, write to Collins & Co., 212 Water streets, New York. 3m

12 Samples by mail, 50 cts, retail quick for $10 R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Sq., N. Y. 1yr26.

GEN. JAMES A. HALL SAYS

I have used Berry's Vegetable Bilious Bitters, and experienced great relief thereby. From youth I have suffered from Headache, caused by inactivity of the liver, and never obtained anything like permanent relief until I used the above Medicine, under the direction of Dr. Call. I have no hesitancy in saying that, in my opinion there is no preparation in the market equal to this for the cure of Headache or any other Bilious difficulty.

Damariscotta, April, 1872. 4w41

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, April 30, 1873.

At market this week—3059 Cattle; 5511 Sheep and Lambs; 15167 Swine; Western Cattle 2893; Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows 160; Eastern Cattle, 6.

Prices of Beef Cattle per hundred lbs. live weight Extra quality, $7 50a$7 75; First quality, $7 00a7 25; Second quality, $6 25a$6 75; Third quality, $4 85a6 00 poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c, $3 50a4 25.

By the pound, dressed weight, from 5a11c per lb.

Hides—Hides 9 1-2c; Tallow 6a6 1-2c per lb; Country Tallow 5a5 1-2c; Country Hides 6c per lb; Calf Skins 16a20c per lb; Sheep Skins $1 75a2 50.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of 1 pr, gth 7 ft 6 in $290; 1 pr, 7 ft 4 in $275; 1 pr 6 ft 10 in, $215; 1 pr 6 ft 10 in $290; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in, $185; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, $175; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, $182.

Milch Cows — Extra $50a90; ordinary $2 a50.

Store Cattle—Nothing doing in the Store Cattle trade, except for Working Oxen and Milch Cows.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep and Lambs cost, delivered at Brighton, from 5 1-3a6 1-2c per l.; Wool Sheep from 7a8c per lb.

Swine—Store Pigs wholesale 7a8c; retail 7 1-2a10c. Fat Hogs, 18,000 at market; prices c 1-4a6 1-2c per lb.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

MONDAY, May 5, 1872.

BUTTER—We quote fine fall New York and Vermont butter at 35a36c per lb; prime lots of old at 30a32c; bakers' at 11a15c.

CHEESE—We quote Vermont and New York at 15a16 1-2c per lb; medium factory at 12a14c; comcheese at 9a11c.

EGGS—The market to-day is hardly so firm, and sales have been made at 17a17 1-2c, and Southern and Western sell readily at 16a16 1-2c.

BEANS — We quote choice mediums $2 75; choice pea beans at $3 25a3 50.

DRIED APPLES—We quote at 7 1-2a8 1-2c per lb for Eastern sliced; 6 1-2a 7c 1-2 for Eastern quarters; 7a8 1-2c for New York sliced, and 6 1-2a7c for quarters; fancy Southern sliced sell at 7 1-2a8 1-2c, and common Southern apple at 5a6-12c per lb.

VEGETABLES—Early Rose potatoes sell at 95c; Jackson Whites 85a95c; Davis Seedlings $1 00 per bush.

GRASS SEEDS—$4 37a4 75 per bush for Herds Grass; $4 00a4 37 per sack for Red Top; $3-5a19 1-2c for Western and Northern Clover.

HAY—We quote prime hay at $26a27 per ton; common $18a22; Straw $25a26 per ton.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, May 7, 1873.

Flour,	$9.50a13.50	Round Hog,	7a8
Corn Meal,	80a00	Clear Salt Pork,	$20a22
Rye Meal,	1,10a1.15	Mutton per lb.,	8a0
Rye,	90a1.00	Lamb per lb.,	0a0
Corn,	80a00	Turkey per lb.,	25a30
Barley,	55a60	Chicken per lb.,	17a20
Beans,	2.50a3.00	Duck per lb.,	18a20
Marrowfat Peas,	90a1.00	Geese per lb.,	15a00
Oats,	55a60	Hay per ton,	$12a15
Potatoes,	65a75	Lime,	$1,40a0.00
Dried Apples,	6a8	Washed Wool,	45a00
Cooking Apples,	65a75	Unwashed Wool,	35a00
Butter,	33a35	Pulled Wool,	45a50
Cheese,	18a20	Hides,	8a0
Eggs,	15a16	Calf Skins,	16 1-2a17
Lard,	12a14	Sheep Skins,	$1,00a2.00
Beef,	8a10	Hard Wood,	$7.00a8.00
Baldwin Apples,	85a1.00	Soft Wood,	$4,00a0.00
Veal,	7a8	Dry Pollock,	4l-2a5
Dry Cod.	7a8	Straw	$8,00a0.00

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"Truth is Mighty, and will Prevail."

VEGETINE

PURIFIES THE BLOOD AND RESTORES THE HEALTH.

Seventy-one Years of Age.

EAST MARSHFIELD, Aug. 22, 1870.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I am seventy-one years of age; have suffered many years with Kidney Complaint, weakness in my back and stomach. I was induced by friends to try your VEGETINE, and I think it the best medicine for weakness of the Kidneys I ever used. I have tried many remedies for this complaint, and never found so much relief as from VEGETINE. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Many of my acquaintances have taken it, and I believe it to be good for all the complaints for which it is recommended. Yours truly,

JOSIAH H. SHERMAN.

EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass., March 19, 1869.

H. R. STEVENS:

This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" (VEGETINE) in my family for several years, and think that for Scrofula or Cankerous Humors, or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and Spring medicine it is the best thing I have ever used; and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. A. A. DINSMORE,
19 Russell Street.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility, VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article and, after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours,

C. L. PETTINGILL,

Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co., 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation, correcting diseased action and restoring vital powers creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task. VEGETINE is sold by druggists. 1m42sp

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the *best in the world*. The only True and Perfect Dye. Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or unpleasant odor. Remedies the ill effects of bad dyes and washes. Produces IMMEDIATELY a superb BLACK OR NATURAL BROWN, and leaves the hair CLEAN, SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL. The genuine signed W. A. Batchelor. Sold by all Druggists.

1y19sp CHAS. BATCHELOR *Prop., N. Y.*

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Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often occasion the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy, the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor a anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

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THE PAIN-KILLER Beware of Imitations and Counterfeits.

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MARRIED.

In this city, May 1st, by Rev. J. Adams, Mr. Frank E. Tozier and Miss Nettie E. Gay, both of Waldo.

Flowers were scarce the first of May
But Frank found one that looked quite Gay.

In Charlestown, May 4th, Mr. William H. H. Carr of Charlestown, Mass., and Miss Abbie Bruce of Belfast.

In Belmont, May 2d, by N. B. Allenwood, Esq., Mr. Charles W. Shaw and Miss Jane U. Gilson, both of Belfast.

In Matinicus, April 10th, Mr. Joseph C. Jackson and Mrs. Susan H. Emery, both of Montville.

In Camden, Apr 19th, Mr. Charles F. Gould and Miss Fannie A. Hodgman, both of Camden.

In Thomaston, April 29th, Capt. John B. Henry and Miss Henrietta Hallowell, both of Thomaston.

In Monroe, April 27th, by D. S. Flanders, Esq., Mr. George W. Grant and Mrs. Mary A. Burnham, both of Monroe.

DIED.

(Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.)

In Searsmont May 7th, Adam Weed, formerly of Freedom, aged 75 years.

In Hollis, April 29, Mary, wife of Joseph S. Berry, formerly of Burnham, aged 66 years, 2 months and 5 days.

In Searsport, April 27, Mattie E., wife of L. T. Hallett and daughter of Elbridge Nickerson, of Swanville, aged 32 years, 10 months. [Lowell, Mass., papers please copy.]

In Searsmont, May 2d, Mehetabel, wife of Benjamin Plummer, aged 89 years, 1 month.

In Waldo, May 2d, Mrs. Sarah Ray, aged 66 years.

In Prospect, May 1st, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Lenfest, aged 70 years, 8 months.

In Brooks, April 28th, Sarah A., wife of Joseph Ellis, aged 76 years.

In Cedar Keys, Florida, April 1st, John Henry Elliot of Thomaston, aged 25 years, 11

Inconstancy.

Against the curtained pane, beloved,
The snow beats thick and fast,
The wild wind's sorrowful refrain
Is chiming of the past—
And in the old familiar chair,
Beside the hearth-fire's glow,
I sit and sing the tender air
You asked us long ago.

Ay, often since the springs, beloved,
Have blossomed above your rest,
I breathe the sweet old song that sings
Itself within my breast—
As children, in the cheerless days
When Winter darkly lowers,
Retrace the garden's sodden ways,
And look of last year's flowers.

It seemed right to you, beloved,
When we walked hand in hand,
Amid the sunshine and the dew
Of youth's enchanted land,—
It never seemed to you or me
That I could sing or smile,
If you were lying silently
Within your grave the while.

We thought we could not live, beloved,
If we were torn apart—
That earth would have no more to give
To either stricken heart;
Alas, the change that time has wrought!
Your grave has held you long,
And in a home where you are not,
I sing the dear old song!

Do you look back to me, beloved,
From out your happy sphere,
And deem me false that I can be
Alive and you not here?
Death does not always bring its balm
To every aching ill—
Life may outlast its dearest charm,
And heart-break does not kill.

It would have been the same, beloved,
Had I been first to die—
Another love had worn your name,
More dear, perchance, than I;
Ah, after all these weary years,
Would you more constant be?
And would you drop these bitter tears,
And sing the song for me?

Guild's Signal.

BY BRET HARTE.

The engineer Guild, who was killed at the Providence railroad disaster, was accustomed, as he passed by his own house at night, to blow a peculiar signal to his wife. All habitual travellers on the train knew and understood it.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence.
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out by the river shore
On to the night,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped,
As a husband's greeting, scant no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, so seconds
Love song or midnight roundelay
Sad what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, Good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence—
"Nothing amiss
Nothing—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said,

Summer and Winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the tracks when the red leaves burned,
Like living coals from the engine spurned:
"Sing as it flow;
"To our trust true,
First of all Duty—Good night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
But only Guild
To his trust true
Guild lay under his engine, dead.
N. Y. Tribune.

Song.

Here's a smile for the past with its sunshine and shade
For memory can restore its one joy that's departed;
Even an urn, when the sunlight is over it thrown,
Shows its bright side, though the other be cold and broken.
No more seems the world a sorrow alone;
For the brightness that Heav'n hath lovingly shed,
Seems to tell us how calm is the sleep of the dead.

A smile, still a smile! that the flowers which appear
On our pathway of life may yet cradle a tear;
Still the light of your gladness each drop will illume,
And its warm influence each grief to the spirit's perfume;
Then, when his shade (we sorrow, when gladness can shed
A light o'er the living, a calm o'er the dead!

Treasure Trove.

In the spring of 1856, a Mr. Williams, of Brooklyn, while passing in the vicinity of the City Hall Park, observed a wretchedly attired man, whose woe-begone appearance and famished visage indicated much misery. This dilapidated unfortunate, seeing that he had attracted Mr. Williams's notice, gave a masonic sign of distress, and, on making known his condition, was assisted by that gentleman in various ways, and taken to the Knickerbocker Masonic Lodge, where he was well treated and supplied with funds to enable him to proceed West. His was the old, old story so common to a great city like New York. It appears that he was an English carpenter, who had come to America to better his condition, but the vessel having been stranded in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, he with several companions while endeavoring to make the shore in one of the ship's boats, which had been injudiciously filled with baggage, were upset by a breaker. Alfred Boker, the man's name, barely escaped with life, and, being without friends in a strange land, was compelled to be the recipient of Mr. Williams's charity. Boker eventually went to Chicago, and there, by shrewdness and industry, managed to take advantage of the speculative mania then raging in real estate in that rapidly increasing city, and in a few years amassed a considerable sum of money. Unable to stand prosperity, he speculated wildly in grain, and in a short time was metamorphosed from a millionaire into a pauper. Becoming desperate over his losses, he enlisted at the commencement of the war, and, by bravery at Fort Donaldson and Chattanooga, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth Illinois Cavalry, but was afterwards transferred to the Ordnance Department. Two weeks ago business demanding his presence in this city, he called on Mr. Williams, and as that gentleman is at present engaged in building a fine residence on Staten Island, he invited Colonel Boker to take a trip down to see how the work was progressing. Mr. Williams and the Colonel took a stroll through New Brighton, and, while passing a junk shop, curiosity prompted them to take a look at the multifarious assortment of goods scattered around. Much to the Colonel's astonishment he found an old familiar friend in the shape of a plane, which gave him a zest for further search, and soon after he discovered a number of other tools, which he recognized as belonging to the tool chest he had lost on the beach seventeen years before. He also found the chest, and having purchased the lot, ordered them to be sent to Mr. Williams's residence. On the arrival of the articles he opened a drawer in the chest by taking out a screw, and found sixty-five pieces of money which looked like old copper coins, but were in reality gold sovereigns. Several papers in the drawer were reduced to a pulp, and pictures of a deceased wife and child entirely obliterated. The money was taken to Messrs. Ball & Black's to have the tarnish removed and then exchanged for greenbacks at a broker's in Wall street.

The following *jeu d'esprit* is taken from the Wilmington Journal: Nat. Willis, the poet, was at the grand soiree given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gales, at their residence in Washington city, to the Hon. John A. Campbell, then just returned as the minister to Mexico (now a prominent citizen of New Orleans). Mr. Campbell was, of course, the distinguished guest of the evening, and received from Mrs. Gales very great attention. But that lady observed that her niece, Miss Seaton, was even more attentive to Willis than she herself was to Mr. Campbell, and feared it might be thought imprudent in one so young, and wrote on a slip of paper her fears, requesting her niece not to be so particular in her attentions to the poet. This slip of paper was seen by Mr. Willis, who asked leave to reply to it, which he did as follows:

"Why, my dear aunt, would you me trammel?
You strain at a Nat and swallow a Campbell."

Miss Emily Faithful on Vassar College.

Miss Faithful thus writes to the Victoria Magazine which is just across the water:

"In the first place, I was not prepared for the beautiful surroundings of the *Alma Mater* for women, which is situated on the banks of the magnificent Hudson, with the Catskill Mountains stretching along on the north, and the Fishkills on the south. It was a bright, but bitterly cold morning of this ever-to-be-remembered severe American winter, the Ice King had set his seal on land and water, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and

'Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl—'

as we knocked at the porter's lodge, on which, however, we did not find the poet's ideal inscription,

'Let no man enter in on pain of death.'

. . . I asked the professors, who were with us, if I could see Mrs. Stanton's daughter? 'I guess she is amongst these very students,' was the answer, and straightway some one dived into that busy throng, and as quickly returned with this bright, pleasant looking 'freshman.' . . . The steward's department impressed me greatly, and when I say that one item for that day's dinner was two hundred quarts of ice cream, my readers will understand the scale of the commissary department.

. . . I had an interesting conversation with Miss Mitchell and Dr. Avery respecting the health of the girls. While freely confessing that American women cannot compare with English women in the matter of health, they traced the evil to its undoubted source—the terrible severity and extremes of climate, the mode of heating houses, and the widespread disinclination to physical exercise of all kinds. 'The girls here, who study the hardest are the healthiest,' was the testimony of both these ladies, and I really think that in spite of being nearly frozen to death in winter, and roasted alive in summer, if our American cousins would put take wholesome out-door exercise, consent to use open fire-places in their rooms (keeping their present warming apparatus for the benefit of their halls and passages) and abstain from the intemperate use of iced water, the health of the next generation would be considerably improved."

A TALE OF TWO ALLIGATORS. The Louisville Ledger says: Shortly after the mail train over the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had left Gallatin yesterday, coming north, the mail clerks in the postal car, Messrs. Forsythe and Glasscock, proceeded to distribute the Florida mails, which they had received at Nashville. After several bags of letters had been disposed of, Mr. Forsythe gathered on to a large leather bag, filled with printed matter, as was supposed, and, after unlocking, turned the sack upside down to empty the matter upon a large board arranged for the purpose, when, to his surprise and horror, two live alligators were spilled out, and in an instant they leaped from the board to the car floor and ran beneath a lot of loose paper and empty bags. The frightened clerk shouted "alligators" to his companion, Mr. Glasscock, and in few seconds they had vacated the mail room for the purpose of procuring help to kill the monsters. Glasscock finally re-entered the mail room, and slowly but cautiously proceeded to remove the loose paper, when he discovered a slick-looking spotted-tail, resembling very much the tail of a snake. At this sight he really declared the thing to be a snake, and, seizing a poker near by, he dealt it a blow and cut the tail off. This caused the alligator, as it proved to be, to leave its hiding place and run out, when Glasscock killed it. The other reptile was captured alive and and brought to the city. Examination revealed the fact that somebody in Florida had sent these curious pets through the mail in a paper box to somebody in Michigan. Mr. Forsythe, who had been sick for some time, was completely unnerved at the sight, and for a few moments was as white as cotton.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American, writing of the late annual ball at Annapolis, says: By and by some of these boys will ripen into heroes. It is not many years since there was a young cadet who danced at these balls with enthusiastic delight. Now, there is a memorial tablet in the chapel across the way, which will hand down the story of his heroism to unborn generations. The vessel in which he was officer was wrecked near one of the islands of the Pacific, and stranded on a rocky reef. He volunteered to take two seamen in a small row boat and reach another ship of the squadron, which was supposed to be lying in port two thousand miles distant from there. He made the journey, but was drowned in the surf while trying to land. One of the sailors told the story of the wreck, and the perilous voyage of two thousand miles in an open boat. A ship was despatched to bring off the shipwrecked crew whom the young officer had given his life to save. That officer was John G. Talbott, a lieutenant in the United States navy, a native of Boyle county, Ky., and a nephew of the Hon. A. G. Talbott. After the wreck it became necessary for some officer to seek relief. Lieutenant Talbott, the youngest, volunteered to command the boat. So hazardous and uncertain did he consider the expedition, he left his papers and articles of value with the officers on the island. After hardship untold, he reached port only to meet death—aye, death in the sight of land. His was heroism indeed. On the tablet in this singular text: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man may lay down his life for his friends."

NOT SUCH A SILLY GOOSE AFTER ALL. We heard of an amusing incident which occurred in the Second Ward of this city, which we think worthy of relating. A family residing at the corner of Townsend and Catawba streets, like the rest of their neighbors, are in the habit of keeping a number of domestic fowls, and a small flock of geese included. Some few weeks since the geese were missing, and all efforts to find them proved fruitless. But one day this week the gander of the flock returned to the front gate of the premises of its owner, and immediately set up a loud scream, and would not be quieted nor come into the yard. Finally the owner came out and followed it for a number of blocks until it entered a yard, at the rear of which was an old barn. On opening it the balance of the flock were found, and were taken possession of by the owner. It appears that the gander had made its escape through a hole in the floor of the barn, and then started for home to give the alarm. [Syracuse Standard.

The following keen thrust from the Portland Daily Press, shows that our men and brethren of the radical persuasion are getting a deal mixed on the beverage question—

The fact that the Grand Lodge of Good Templars should pass resolutions denouncing the cider legislation, so called, of last year is natural and consistent, but the fact that the gentleman who introduced the resolution and most persistently advocated it in the recent meeting was the same one who, as a member of the committee of the State Temperance Convention to present its views before the Legislature, asked that body to take the very action on the question that it did, is passing strange. In view of these facts it appears that the Rev. Mr. Randall took this very round about method to denounce himself. At any rate, the gentleman appears to have seriously compromised his consistency.

The California fish commissioners, with the object of improving the fish stock of that State, have undertaken the project of transporting alive across the continent a carload of the best varieties of Atlantic coast fish not found in California. The car will be sent east by the Central Pacific railroad to the Cold Spring trout ponds in Charlestown, where the car will be thoroughly fitted up previous to its departure, so as to form as complete an aquarium as the circumstances will permit. The car will probably leave Charlestown for its western journey the latter part of May, and is expected to carry eight or ten different varieties of live fish, with nearly 2,000 gallons of water. The undertaking, which will be on the largest scale yet attempted in this line, is in charge of Mr. Livingstone Stone, deputy commissioner of the United States for the Pacific Coast.

Daniel Webster once said, "There is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature who, for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and die." That is so, Daniel.

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Works so EASILY that it is Working its way into Families Everywhere.
FIFTY PER CENT. SAVED!
No power is so costly as that of human muscle and fifty per cent. of the power required to run a Sewing-Machine may be saved by using the
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IT MAKES THE
LOCK STITCH
With the least and most simple machinery of any SHUTTLE Sewing-Machine. It, therefore, WEARS LESS than any any other, and combines, with its remarkable simplicity and ease of running, great quietness of operation with a wonderful range of work. We are also Agents for the improved Singer Machine. We sell on very liberal terms. Don't fail to call and examine.
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As the house cleaning season is at hand, the subscriber gives notice that he has reduced the price of soap to $2.50 per barrel. Warranted to be first quality. Orders addressed through the Post-office will receive immediate attention.
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OF ALL KINDS. FOR SALE BY
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If you want your old style HATS or BONNETS made as good as new, please pass them right along to the sign of the STRAW WORKS, East Side of the River.
N. B. Hats left at the Milliner's Stores in this city, taken from and returned without extra charge. 3m41 S. A. BLACK.

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Also Trimmings to correspond, which are being manufactured to order by first-class workmen at as low prices as the times will afford.
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Persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and settle immediately. A. D. FRENCH.

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The subscriber offers for sale his farm, situated in Prospect, one mile and a half west from the village. Consisting of one hundred and sixty acres of land, with buildings, well wooded and watered, with good orchard of grafted fruit. For particulars inquire on the premises.
ISAAC T. SMITH.
Prospect, Feb. 4, 1873.—3:tf

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W. Winterport, April 17th, 1873.—tf42

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EDWARD W. ROBERTS.
Jackson, Dec. 3d 1872.—tf23

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6000 APPLE TREES.
6 YEARS OLD, of grafted fruit. Farmers why will you buy Western fruit trees, of which you know nothing, when you can for half the price purchase trees raised in your own State, which necessarily must be adapted to the soil and climate, and naturally must, if properly transplanted, thrive and bring forth fruit.
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For further information apply to the undersigned, at Winterport Village. C. R. MERRILL.
Feb. 20th 1873.—3m0834

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AGENTS FOR
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SCRAP IRON.
75 NORTH ST., cor. of JOHN, BOSTON.
6m38

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GRIST MILL!
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This Mill is on Washington St., just above J. S. Davis' Blacksmith Shop.
We respectfully solicit a portion of the Milling business.
Having purchased the wood-working machinery belonging to Messrs. Field & Mathews, we are prepared to do all kinds of **Irregular Moulding, Scroll and Straight Sawing, Turning, &c.**, heretofore done by them. tf34
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HOWARD MANF. CO.

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IS MADE IN A SHORT TIME BY USING THE
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How great the change; how improved your nasal organs have become.
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